THE LIVING AGE.

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AVERNUS.

As the wild wind whistles through woodland spaces,
Whirling the leaves into aimless races,
To cast them forth into desolate places,

As the red sparks spin from the breath of the blower,
Flying and flickering higher or lower,
Or the thin spray flits from the oar of the rower,

So do we, torn from the world of our knowing,
Dazed and forlorn with the wrench of our going,
Eddy and whirl like water flowing.

Flitting and passing, but ever returning
Back to the hearts where our home-fires were burning,
Read we the lesson that's writ for our learning.

Now that the night and the silence enfold us,
Now that the bonds of eternity hold us,
All that we did ere the darkness enrolled us,

All that we did when the red blood was running,
When our hands held their grip and our brains kept their cunning,
When evil or good were for taking or shunning,

We must watch blossoming hour by hour,
From the seed to the bud, from the bud to the flower—
Wisdom is ours now, but nevermore power!

Dim, ineffectual, vague, unavailing,
Emptily grasping and voicelessly wailing,
Bound, in a rudderless ship we are sailing,

Watching the souls that we loved—and around them
The chains in whose fetters our own hands have bound them,
The dearly beloved! who were free when we found them!

Nothing is here that the priests would have told us,
No worm to gnaw us, no flame to enfold us,
But the comfortless Wisdom of Death to hold us:

To hold us, silent and reft of all power,
Waiting in idleness hour by hour,
Till the seeds we planted have come to flower.

Knight-Adkin.

The Spectator.

A MAN'S PRAYER.

If plunging winds and beating rain
Call me to battle, but in vain,
Or if I am afraid to rise
And bear a burden of grey skies,—
Then to my sick heart requiem give,
I am too poor a thing to live.

If hands of mine forget to pray
And torn feet fear a stony way,
My heart grow weary of the quest
And long for an untimely rest,—
Then cross my hands and let me be,
Life is too fierce and sweet for me.

If open lands and windy skies
Wake not new wonders in mine eyes,
Or through the goodly world I go
And love no friend and hate no foe,—
Then, though my destined days abound,
Let me be lying underground.

If, while I draw exulting breath,
I seek to run away from Death,
And do not welcome him, nor strive
With him to keep my soul alive,—
Then, in that hour, may Death strike deep,
For I am only fit for sleep.

But while I love the wind that blows,
And scent a mystery in a rose,
Or while my torn feet do not tire,
And heart of mine seeks high desire,—
Then, though a spectre, gaunt and wan,
God, give me strength to struggle on.

T. Wemyss Reid.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY.

"The crime of the poor is their poverty." To this dogma there has always been a large measure of subscription. We are now called upon to subscribe to a complimentary dogma: "The crime of the wealthy is their wealth." For years past the platforms of Hyde Park have re-echoed the cry that the first step towards the amelioration of the lot of the poor must be the impoverishment of the rich. The superior person may deem the commonplaces of Socialist oratory unworthy of serious attention. For my own part I have always questioned the wisdom of this attitude, and few, I think, will be prepared to maintain it when one of those commonplaces is adopted as the text of a discussion in this Review; least of all, when the preacher is the Rev. S. A Barnett, Canon of Westminster. Canon Barnett has earned the right to discuss such problems by many years of devoted labor in the service of the poor of East London. His mere word carries the weight of long experience. No proposition endorsed by him can be carelessly regarded or lightly dismissed. If, therefore, I venture to subject to criticism the main thesis of his contribution to the February number of this Review,[1] it will, I trust, be understood that such criticism is offered with unfeigned diffidence, and mainly out of regard for the high authority of the writer and for the deference naturally conceded to his opinions.

"If," says Canon Barnett, "the poor are to become richer the rich must become poorer." This notion is, as we have seen, by no means peculiar to Canon Barnett; but the point which I am anxious to emphasize is that it has captured the imagination of certain sections of society to an extent which may hardly be credited by those who have not shared the opportunities of the present writer. At the root of much of the prevailing discontent is to be found the idea, sometimes only half formulated and not always articulate, that the wealth of the relatively few is responsible for the poverty of the many.

Has the proposition thus bluntly enunciated any basis of justification either in economic theory or in historical fact? The question is one of admitted significance. In the following pages I attempt an answer.

I.

Is it true that, as a matter of historical fact, the wealth of the wealthy is the root-cause of the poverty of the poor?

The existing "capitalistic" system, against which so many hard things are said, is not much more than one hundred years old, and it is during that same period that "modern England," with its peculiar problems—social and economic— has come into being. Who has not been captivated by the idyllic pictures of the pre-capitalistic era which Socialistic writers are wont to draw:—the picture of the stout English yeoman, hopelessly conservative in his agricultural methods, possessing neither enterprise, nor capital, nor scientific knowledge, but giving to the smiling countryside an aspect of contentment, if not of opulence; of manufacturing industry carried on mainly on the self-sufficing system—for use rather than for profit and exchange: master, journeyman, and apprentice working happily, side by side, at the loom or in the forge, united by bonds of genuine human affection, living the same life, absorbed in the same interests? The

1 "Our Present Discontents." The Living Age. Mar. 29, 1913.

picture is in many respects undeniably attractive. But to those who paint it and to those who gaze rapturously upon it, I venture to suggest one or two considerations. That there is another side to all idyllic pictures goes without saying; but it is more to the point to recall the fact that pictures just as idyllic and just as regretful were painted of the fifteenth century by the reformers who witnessed the social dislocation and economic distress incidental to the agrarian revolution of the sixteenth. A study of the writings of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Latimer, and John Hales (if he be indeed the author of the *Discourse of the Commonweal of England*) may be commended to the pessimists of to-day, and to all in any age who are disposed to idealize the immediate past in contrast to the confusion of the present. Periods of rapid economic transition, such as the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, are always apt to seem uncomfortable to contemporaries. There is another point too frequently ignored. The England of the idyllic eighteenth century carried a population less numerous than that of the Greater London of to-day. If England had been content to take rank with Denmark or Sweden or Holland she might undoubtedly have avoided many of the problems by which she is now perplexed. The prestige of a world-empire is not a thing to be bought without price. The "capitalistic" era has synchronized not only with the marvellous development of commerce and the accumulation of wealth but also with the expansion of Great Britain into Greater Britain. Can the economic system on which it rests be justly charged with responsibility for the poverty of the poor?

If Canon Barnett's argument is historically sound, he ought to be able to show that the poor have actually become poorer during the last century. Can he do so? It is true that during the last six years (1907-13) there has been a rapid rise in prices, and that the rise has been particularly marked in those commodities which are important ingredients in the diet of the working classes; it is true also that until the last two years wages have shown little disposition to adjust themselves to the increased cost of living; though it is undeniable that since 1911 there has been a noticeable and in some cases a rapid readjustment of wages to prices. Apart, however, from this relatively recent readjustment, it is instructive to recall the wise warning of the present Prime Minister. Less than a year ago Mr. Asquith, in receiving a deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce, emphasized the danger of short-sighted generalizations.

> People [he said] do not always extend their view quite far enough backwards or forwards. If you go back, say to the year 1881, you will find that there has been a very substantial diminution in the prices of food and drink. The figure for that year was no less than 139 (as compared with the index number of 100, taking the year 1900 as a basis), while there has been a very substantial increase of wages, for the figure for that year for wages was 84.7, as compared with 100.3 last year (1911) . . . If you are looking at the experience of a generation, therefore, you will find that there has been a diminution in the cost of the necessaries of life and a very substantial increase in the rate of wages.

Mr. Asquith was, of course, quoting from the table of index numbers, familiar to economic students.

The point made by the Prime Minister is not, as far as I am aware, seriously disputed. The researches of scientific statisticians, like Sir Robert Giffen and Professor A. L. Bowley,[1]

[1] Cf Giffen, "Essays in Finance"; Bowley "Wages in the Nineteenth Century."

have established beyond cavil or dispute the fact that during the "capitalistic" era the lot of the wage-earning classes has enormously improved, whether regard be paid to money-wages, or, what is infinitely more important, to wages as measured in the price of commodities. Not only has there been a steady rise in money-wages, but until the last few years a virtually continuous fall in prices. Mr. Money, whose authority Canon Barnett will respect, does not dissent from this conclusion. "Between the increase in money-wages and the increase in the purchasing-power of money, there can be no question that the actual position of the wage-earner has considerably improved in the last forty years."[3]

It is, however, superfluous to elaborate a point which is not open to contradiction. But apart from the ratio between wages and prices, the condition of the poor has been substantially ameliorated by legislative and administrative effort: shorter hours of labor due to a long series of Factory Acts; healthier and safer conditions; compulsory compensation for accidents; insurance against sickness, and, in some cases, against unemployment; a modest provision for old age; gratuitous education for the children; the provision of public parks, museums, picture-galleries, public libraries, and so forth. All these things, and many more, have added enormously to the amenities of working-class existence, and most of them have been provided at the expense of the wealthier classes of the community. But not all. The charge falls, as a rule, upon the Imperial Exchequer—in some cases upon the local rates. And this suggests a consideration too frequently ignored. Few things can be more certainly relied upon to evoke the enthusiastic plaudits of a certain class of audience than to hold up to execration the owners of urban house property. It is quite true that rent does form an increasing item in the expenditure of the working classes. Rent is frequently an "intolerable burden" also upon the lower middle class. The difference between the position of the two classes is this. In the case of working-men, "rent" almost invariably includes "rates," and the rise is due, generally speaking, not to the accentuated greed of the urban landlord, but to the multiplying demands of the municipal rate-collector. The improved hygienic condition of our towns, and the provision of public utilities and amenities, are naturally reflected in increased rents.

Despite, however, larger expenditure upon rent, or rather upon rates, despite the recent fall in the purchasing-power of money, despite the fact that in some occupations labor is still deplorably underpaid, there can be no question that the statisticians are justified in claiming that their optimistic conclusions find an accurate reflex in the actual conditions of life among the working classes as a whole.

These facts are undeniable. If, then, it is true that during the last hundred years the poor have become richer, have the "rich," during the same period, become poorer? It would be affectation to assume any doubt as to the answer to this question; and we may, therefore, pass on to consider the same problem from another standpoint.

II.

If Canon Barnett's thesis derives attenuated support from industrial history, does it fare better at the hands of economic theory? What is, in truth, the assumption upon which it rests?

"If the poor are to become richer, the rich must become poorer." The assertion seems to savor of economic ideas analogous to that of the old

[3] "Riches and Poverty," p. 311. It is proper to point out that my edition is dated 1908.

wages-fund doctrine, a doctrine which, as originally stated, is now discarded by economic teachers and derided by the more progressive of their disciples. The theory of the wages fund rested upon the notion that all wages were paid out of a fixed and inelastic lump of capital. Consequently, if the wages of one set of laborers were increased it was bound to be at the expense of another set.

Nothing did more to induce the economic theorists to reconsider their position than the successful development of the trade-union movement during the 'fifties and early 'sixties of the last century. Following the famous example of J. S. Mill,[4] who had been a foremost advocate of the wages-fund doctrine, the economists plunged into a perfect orgy of renunciation. Whether the abandoned doctrine deserved all the hard things said of it during the next few years is a question which it is unnecessary to pursue. It is, however, relevant to inquire whether Canon Barnett is content to base his argument upon an hypothesis similarly shifting and uncertain? Is the aggregate wealth of the world a fixed, inelastic, and immutable quantity? If in the distribution of that wealth certain classes get more, must other classes go short? Are we at this time of day to be called upon to revert to the Ricardian theory that "profits" and "wages" must necessarily vary in inverse ratio? So long ago as 1848 Mill perceived that the Ricardian doctrine demanded some modification in terminology if not in substance. Since Mill's day the whole theory of "Profits" has undergone profound modification, and modern economists have brought their theory into line with the facts disclosed by commercial experience. "Profits"—the earnings of business management and the remuneration for enterprise and risk—are no longer confounded with "Interest," the fixed remuneration of mere capital; "profits" are no longer regarded as a deduction from wages nor as an addition to prices. When wages rise, said Ricardo, profits fall; and *vice versa*. Is there any economist, or any man of business, who would now subscribe to this dictum? There are, of course, particular industries of a non-productive character, in regard to which the Ricardian theory still holds. An increase of wages to the servants of a railway company, whose charges are limited by law, may mean a diminution of profits for the shareholders. Even in this case such a result will not necessarily ensue; higher wages may lead to more efficient service, or increased expenditure in one direction may be neutralized by economies in others. Still less must it ensue in a directly productive industry where the consumer can be made to pay both for "high wages" and "high profits."

Not that increased profits necessarily involve enhanced prices. If there is no essential antagonism between the interests of employer and employed, so there is no irreconcilable conflict between producer and consumer. Both propositions may be brought to the test of experience.

There are, I imagine, few readers of this Review who will not recognize the accuracy of the following illustration. Two concerns are working side by side. They are engaged in the production or the distribution of the same commodity for the same market. The commodity is sold by both firms at the same price. The capital of each concern is identical in amount; the rate of wages paid, the conditions under which labor is employed—in both cases dictated by trade-union regulations—are also identical. Concern A pays a dividend of 15 per cent., concern B a dividend of 3

[4] Mill's recantation appeared, in the first instance, in the form of a review of Thornton's book of Labor, and was subsequently reprinted in his "Dissertations and Discussions," vol. iv.

per cent. The divergence is due not to any variation in fixed charges for rent or interest; nor to variation in the remuneration of labor, nor to difference in price, but solely to efficient management in the one case, and the lack of it in the other. It may even be the case that the conditions of employment are better in the more prosperous concern.

If this be true, and I appeal confidently both to theory and to experience to confirm the accuracy of my analysis, what becomes of Canon Barnett's contention that "if the poor are to become richer the rich must become poorer?" With his further statement nobody will quarrel: "Increase of production followed by an increased national income has under the present laws—as has been shown in the booming trade of recent years—meant that the rich have become richer." Does Canon Barnett suggest that the poor have therefore and simultaneously become poorer?

If this is not the intended inference, what is the conclusion to which the argument leads? It is, in truth, rather difficult to avoid the suspicion that it is nothing more than an elaborate reiteration of the incitement to confiscatory legislation and taxation with which we are painfully familiar in less responsible quarters.

III.

As to the efficacy of such legislation and taxation a word may be said. No one doubts that it is possible, by the employment of such methods, to make the rich poorer. Unquestionably you can diminish both the income and the accumulated wealth of the classes which are relatively rich. But the really important question—for all serious-minded inquirers—is whether the employment of these weapons will diminish the poverty or increase the prosperity of the relatively poor. If not, the whole movement would seem to assume a somewhat sinister aspect. It would seem to be inspired less by benevolence for the have-nots than by spite against the "haves." I do not for an instant suggest that such is the motive of the highly placed ecclesiastics who countenance and encourage this movement. Their record forbids the idea. I am concerned not with the motives, but with the results of their teaching. Have they sufficiently considered either the ethical or the economical results which are likely to accrue from the persistent propagation of such doctrines as those to which Canon Barnett lends his high authority? On the ethical aspect of the qustion, it may be more discreet for a layman to keep silence. But to those who share my doubts, (still more to those who are convinced of my wrong-headedness to use no harsher word), I would venture respectfully to commend the wise words of the Dean of St. Paul's, contained in a modest volume lately given to the world.[5] To the economic aspect I revert.

It is not difficult by taxation to diminish the wealth of the rich—particularly of certain classes among the rich. You can hit very hard the professional man, the pensioner, the *rentier*—all, in fact, who are not directly engaged in productive industry; but it will demand much ingenuity to prevent the producers, however wealthy, from passing on the increased burden of taxation to the consumers, and among those consumers the majority, of course, are the poor. There is another point worth consideration. So long as taxation is imposed with a single eye to the collection of revenue it will, generally speaking, be paid, if not cheerfully, at least honestly. Once let it be understood, however, that the motive behind it is vindictive, and evasion

[5] "The Church and the Age." Longmans, Green and Co., 1912. Cf. especially pp. 22-33

will be regarded as legitimate, if not positively praiseworthy. Chancellors of the Exchequer, like other people, must "play the game." If they depart from the unwritten rules, they must not be surprised if other people try to evade those which are written. And evasion is much easier for the very rich, handling capital which is extraordinarily mobile, than for the middle classes. So far there has been no serious revolt against the burden of taxation on the part of the wealthy classes as a whole. Of course there has been grumbling, and no doubt, in isolated cases, means have been taken to counteract the effect of imposts which are regarded as excessive and unfair. But the spirit of revolt has not spread widely. Is the danger of such a revolt entirely illusory and remote?

Apart, however, from any question of revolt or evasion, it passes the wit of man to devise a system of taxation the effects of which can be so circumscribed as to fall exclusively upon the actual payers of the tax. "The burden of taxation," as Lord Morley of Blackburn once said, "however spread, however disguised, at last falls heaviest upon the shoulders of the industrial community." The warning words of such an authority cannot be carelessly regarded. Without, however, entering upon a discussion of the precise point raised by Lord Morley's words, this much will be generally admitted: the incidence of any given impost involves calculations of the utmost nicety, and the result is, at the best, uncertain. In the case of indirect taxation the precise incidence is a matter of notorious uncertainty. It is not really much more certain in the case of direct taxation. At first sight it seems tolerably obvious that an income tax or death duties will be actually paid by the persons upon whom they are levied. A closer examination dispels the initial simplicity. Suppose, for example, that a property tax of 2*s.* 6*d.* in the pound is levied on an income of 5000*l.* a year. Such an income can well afford, it is said, to pay tribute to the Government to the extent of 625*l.* a year. Be it so. But the essential point under discussion is this: will such taxation ameliorate the condition of the poor? In order to answer that question we must pursue the matter a little further. The demand of the State for 625*l.* can be met only from one of three sources: either by a deduction from current expenditure; or out of current savings, *i. e.* potential capital; or out of accumulated savings, *i. e.* actual capital. Can any one of these deductions or subtractions be made without injury to those who live by labor? From the point of view of "labor" the least objectionable alternative would be to meet the fiscal demand by a deduction from current expenditure. If the taxpayer were living "up to his income" the enhanced taxation would be paid for by a curtailment of expenditure upon luxuries. In this case little if any harm would ensue. A certain amount of labor engaged in the production of luxuries would be thrown out of employment; but the State would have as much more to spend as the individual had less, and the net result as regards the employment of labor would be *nil*. If, indeed, the State were to invest its tax-revenue in productive undertakings the result of the process would, in the case supposed, be a net gain to labor. But such a result would be, in the last degree, improbable. Government expenditure is very rarely "productive" in the economic sense. The ordinary effect of taxation is to withdraw money from productive and apply it to unproductive purposes. "When the State takes from the earnings of the community money which it needs for national purposes, however vital, it withdraws that money from

the healthy fructification of industry. it diminishes the consuming and productive energies of the people, and it rests with the State to prove at every moment that the employment of the money which it raises conduces to a greater commercial profit than if it had been left to private persons to use, or else that the money is needed for purposes which have to be justified on grounds of necessity quite apart from economic ones." The quotation is from an address by Mr. Winston Churchill,[6] and it would be difficult to put the point more clearly or more concisely.

I have thus far assumed that the fiscal demands of the State are met by a deduction from current expenditure. They may, on the other hand, be met by inroads upon savings, potential or actual. It requires no demonstration to prove that in that case the effect upon labor-employment would be still more deplorable, though there are politicians who would appear to regard the matter with indifference. "My proposals resolve themselves into this—that the rich should have less to hoard up or to squander on riotous living, whilst the poor should have more wherewith to purchase the common necessaries of life." The words form the conclusion of an article on *A Labor Budget* from the pen of Mr. Keir Hardie.[7] With his aspiration that the "poor may have more to spend" everyone will sympathize. This eminently desirable end is to be attained, be it observed, *either* by a deduction from the "hoards" of the wealthy, *or* from the amount squandered upon riotous living. Whether the money is derived from the one source or the other would seem to Mr. Hardie to be a matter of indifference. And yet, as we have seen, the distinction is one of vital importance to the wage-earning class. Deduct the money destined for the poor from the amount "squandered upon riotous living," and you will do no permanent harm to anybody. You may, indeed, inflict some inconvenience, or even hardship, upon the producers and purveyors of luxuries, and upon those who, in their several ways, minister to the riotous livers; but the hardship may be temporary, while the advantages may be enduring. If, on the contrary, you deduct it from the "hoards of the wealthy," the result will be very different. "Hoarding" is a word of ugly and ill-omened connotation. It conjures up a vision of some wicked medieval baron piling up ill-gotten booty in the strong room of his ancestral castle, or of a modern miser hugging his bags of gold. And yet I take it to be nothing else than a synonym for commonplace capital.

My proposals [says Mr. Hardie with refreshing ingenuousness] would not tax savings or in any way penalize thrift. They would, however, prevent the accumulation of very large fortunes. . . . A person of average intelligence does not require to be a Socialist to understand that if a disproportionate share of the wealth which is yearly produced by the industry of the nation is allowed to accumulate in the hands of families *to an extent far beyond their capacity to spend*, trade must suffer to that extent.[8]

It may be thought that I owe an apology to the readers of this Review for quoting a sentence so transparently fallacious. I make no apology, for I believe that these words are extraordinarily representative of a confusion of thought which is not peculiar to Mr. Hardie and his immediate associates. How he would propose to avoid the taxation of "savings," and at the same time discourage and dissipate the "hoarding" of the rich, I leave it to him to explain. But I invite attention to the words which I have italicized. What

[6] To the Financial Reform Association at Liverpool in 1908.
[7] "Popular Financial Booklets" vii, p. 14.
[8] Op. cit. p. 14.

is the idea connoted by them? Is it not that of wealth withdrawn by some malignant and mysterious process from "circulation"? If families "accumulate" wealth "beyond their capacity to spend," they must, we are to assume, put it away in an old stocking! But I do Mr. Hardie an injustice: there is another alternative; they may put it out to "usury"! "Trade," says Mr. Hardie, "is dependent upon the circulation of commodities, and when large sums are yearly extracted from the national income and put out to usury either at home or abroad, just to that extent is the spending power of the people crippled." There would be something pathetic in the confusion of thought revealed by such language, were it not employed by one who is sufficiently confident of his financial skill to formulate a cut and dried *Labor Budget*. But the real significance of such sentiments lies not in the fact that they are enunciated by Mr. Hardie, but that they are to-day accepted as economic gospel by hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens. One point may be gladly conceded to Mr. Hardie. We should prefer to see ten thousand men each in possession of 1000*l*. of capital than one man in possession of 10,000,000*l*. But the essential point, in the interest of the community, is that whether in the hands of one individual or of ten thousand, it should exist as "capital" or "hoard," and not be expended as revenue. This is a truth which is unfortunately hidden from many people besides Mr. Hardie. It is fortunate that his ingenuousness allows him to reveal a fallacy which lurks unsuspected in many more elaborate and sophisticated arguments. This brings us back to Canon Barnett.

IV.

Canon Barnett's article raises an issue even wider than those which I have, thus far, discussed. "Poverty," in his view, "is at the root of our present discontent, not the poverty which the Poor Law and Charity are to relieve, but the poverty of the great mass of the workers." Is he right?

The existence of "poverty" cannot be denied. The term itself is a relative one, but it is an undeniable and deplorable fact that a considerable section of the population—not "the great mass of the workers"—live habitually on the border line of subsistence. No one doubts that it would be an immense gain, ethical, political, and economic, if this section could be permanently lifted well above that line. Incidentally, I would remark that the significance of much statistical argument is discounted by a common and very natural error. In such statistics it is assumed that the economic unit is the individual wage-earner. One who is personally familiar with the conditions of life among the wage-earners knows that in many parts of England the real economic unit is the family. That is more particularly the case in the great districts where textile manufactures form the staple industry. At the opening of the present Session, Mr. Snowden greatly impressed the House of Commons by pointing out that "even in the greatest of manufacturing industries, the cotton trade, where trade unionism had become a tradition, 21 per cent. of the adult men for full time earned less than 1*l*. a week, and 48 per cent. of the adult men received for full time less than 25*s*. per week." The argument was singularly infelicitous as urged in support of a demand for a legal minimum wage. For everyone who is acquainted with Lancashire knows that there is not, in the whole world, a more highly organized industry than the Lancashire cotton trade, that in no trade are profits cut more fine, and that nowhere is the earning of the individual a less accurate index

to the income of the economic unit. But this is an incidental point.

Canon Barnett argues that poverty is the root cause of discontent, and that poverty is due to unsatisfactory legislation. "Law" (he writes), "which has determined the lines which the present distribution of the national income follows, might determine others which would make the poor richer and the rich poorer." Does he really suppose that the existing distribution of the national income depends upon the enactments of the Legislature? If so, what are the laws to which he more particularly refers? It is true that the law recognizes, within certain limits, the right of testamentary disposition and the right of inheritance. Is it seriously suggested that these laws are responsible for wealth on the one side and poverty on the other? Has he never heard of the Lancashire aphorism: "Clogs to clogs in three generations"? And it is not only in Lancashire that a fool and his money are soon parted. "Clogs to clogs" implies more than this. It means that there is no caste system in trade. Of course the inheritor of capital gets some advantage in the race; but he is frequently handicapped in other directions. It would surprise a great many people to learn how many of the successful men of business have started at the bottom, still more, how many of their grandchildren or great-grandchildren sink again to the same level. There is still in trade a career open to talent, if not absolute equality of opportunity. What Canon Barnett seems to be aiming at is a further restriction of the right of inheritance—or, in plain words, an increase in the "death" duties. Such duties have doubtless taken a permanent place in our financial system, but it is not impertinent to ask how the manual workers are to be benefited by a transformation of capital into revenue? All classes of the community are vitally interested in the abundance of cheap capital: most of all the classes who live by manual labor. But how will capital be cheapened by treating large lumps of it as revenue? If the revenue derived from the death duties were consistently applied to the extinction of debt, there would be nothing to be said against them on economic grounds. To treat accumulated capital as income can only lead, in the long run, to financial confusion, if not disaster. The value of capital has appreciated to the extent of something like 25 per cent. in the last fifteen years, and that in spite of a rapid increase in its aggregate amount. Many explanations of this appreciation have been suggested. Has sufficient account been taken of the gradual but continuous attrition of capital by contemporary methods of taxation?

I have ventured to question the accuracy of Canon Barnett's assertion that "the great mass of the workers" are living in a condition of poverty. But poverty is a relative term, and I admit that it is as difficult to disprove as to prove the statement. Even were it proved, however, I should nevertheless dispute the force of the argument which is founded upon it. Is it true to say that it is "the poverty of the great multitude of work-people . . . which is the chief source of the present discontent"? To those who hold that it is I venture to submit the following questions:

Is it not the case that discontent is most noticeable to-day in the best-paid occupations, and among workers who are admittedly well above the poverty-line? I do not, of course, suggest that during the last few years "unrest" has been confined to these classes. The phenomenon has been well-nigh universal in the ranks of "labor." But no one who has any intimate knowledge of those ranks can doubt that the discontent has been and is most deep-rooted

among the comparatively well-to-do: the miner, the railway-worker, and the highly skilled artisan.

How is this to be explained? Not so much, I believe, by poverty, as by a sense of incongruity between the industrial status of the manual worker on the one hand, and, on the other, his political status and intellectual outlook. Thanks to the provision of educational facilities, the intellectual horizon of the manual worker has been, to an amazing extent, widened during the last thirty years. Politically, also, he has attained to the full stature of manhood. Industrially, however, he is still under authority, bound to take his orders from men who are his political equals, and in educational attainment not markedly his superiors. Between the ordinary "private" in the ranks of labor and his immediate superior, the non-commissioned officer—the overlooker or foreman,—there exists a very great deal of friction. Nor is the fault all on one side. To the fully enfranchised citizen the sense of industrial discipline becomes increasingly irksome, while the foreman finds his subordinates increasingly "awkward," suspicious, and sensitive. Further, the manual worker has another complaint against "authority." It is not merely harsh and overbearing, but in some cases grossly incompetent. When that is the case, the worker sees his economic position jeopardized by causes over which he has no sort of control. It is partly this sense of impotence to avert industrial disaster which has given strength to the Syndicalist movement. The Syndicalist is no doubt primarily concerned to transfer the employer's profits to his own pockets; but a secondary motive is a desire to obtain industrial control: to get rid of the "boss"; to make the manager or *entrepreneur* his nominee instead of his master. The Syndicalist sees no reason why labor should not in future hire "directors," just as at present directors hire labor. Nor, indeed, is there any reason. If the Syndicalist will go a step further and hire not only brains but land and capital as well, he may make as many experiments as he chooses, and most people will, with all sincerity, wish him success.

The meaning and aim of Syndicalism I have, however, recently discussed in some detail in the pages of this Review.[9] My immediate purpose is a different one. It is to express a very serious doubt as to the accuracy of Canon Barnett's diagnosis of the social diseases of our day, and still more seriously to question the efficacy of the remedy which he prescribes. That the poverty of certain sections of the laboring population is one of the contributory causes of the prevailing unrest I do not for a moment deny; but I submit that to describe "the great multitude of the working people as steeped in poverty" is a palpable exaggeration; that conditions in this respect are not deteriorating but improving, though less rapidly than one could wish; that it is not the wealth of the wealthy which can be held responsible for poverty; and, finally, that of all possible prescriptions for the extinction of poverty the most preposterous and the least efficacious is an attack upon accumulated wealth. It would be affectation to deny that the spoliator may get some fun out of the fruits of plunder; but his merriment will be shortlived. The game is not one which can be frequently repeated, still less can it be played indefinitely. Is it worth while to play it at all? Still more: is it wise or right for men in authority to incite to such profitless and ephemeral amusement?

J. A. R. Marriott.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

[9] "Syndicalism and Socialism," November, 1912.

MR. MASEFIELD'S POETRY.

Not until events have assumed their place in history is it possible to see them in proper perspective or to appreciate their true significance. But it is commonly felt, and there would seem every evidence to foster the belief, that as a nation we are passing through an unprecedented revolution.

During the last two decades the old order has been consistently yielding place to the new in every department of man's thought and activity. The spread of science, the growth of popular education, and the resultant advance of democracy have been busily working upon the plastic life of society, moulding it, with alarming precision, into the new shapes which are manifesting themselves, firm and fixed, to-day. Old standards have been ruthlessly torn into shreds by impetuous hands; new beacon lights have begun to glow upon the horizon, and new war-cries to echo from the house-tops. Science and education, hand in hand, the former weeding out the tares of superstition and the latter carrying with her the seed of a new assurance, have ploughed deep into the national mind, and from the furrow there has sprung an all-conquering demand for freedom in life and thought.

There is, perhaps, no better thermometer for gauging any change in the national temperature than the literary thermometer; and the new movement in literature of which the last twenty years have seen the birth is the clear reflection of the new aspirations that are stirring the heart of the country. Poetry, the intensest self-expression of man's aspirations, was, of course, especially bound to feel the spark. Tennyson, as it has been truly said by Mr. Gosse, kept poetry stable throughout an entire generation. No sooner was Tennyson's influence removed, however, than poetry began to grow restive, and with a sudden outburst of preciosity to adventure into hitherto unexplored regions. England was just beginning to emerge from the shadow of Puritanism under which she had sat for so many years, and poetry began, instantaneously and automatically, to fret against the bars of Puritanism in which, too, her independent, though hitherto shy spirit, had been cramped. The great Victorian poets, one can imagine, would have scoffed at the charge of Puritanism. But we are only just beginning to realize how completely Puritanism had wormed her great tentacles into almost every nerve and fibre of the nation's being. And if the great Victorian poets were not Puritanical in their outlook upon life, they were certainly Puritanical in their attitude towards their art. Just as, for instance, a Puritanical parent might guard his child, preferring him to lead a life of narrow seclusion and to forego the greater glories that he might win upon a wider field, because of the inevitably greater temptations to excess which the wider field must always afford—so exactly the Victorian poets guarded their Muse. They were inordinately timorous for her safety. She must be allowed to run no risks. "Thus far, and no farther," must always be her guiding principle. And so, sometimes consciously, but more often, perhaps, unconsciously, they held her captive and made her always more or less exclusive. How little they dreamt (as how little does the too fond and fearful parent often dream!) that as soon as their backs were turned their child, so carefully cabined, would break forth into revolt and secure for herself the full and free light of heaven which it is the rightful heritage of every man

and woman, and of every spirit and movement, to enjoy. The nation, however, has at last decided that in life it is better to take the risks, and to have the freedom; and poetry has similarly resolved that no portion of her inheritance shall be denied her.

This spirit of revolt against old traditions first found expression, of course, in Mr. Kipling; it discovered fertile soil in John Davidson; more and more it has animated a host of lesser minds; and its latest and consummate product is Mr. John Masefield. Tennyson, no doubt, would have looked askance at Mr. Masefield, and the new movement has not unnaturally been treated with suspicion by worshippers of the old fire. To recognize a new movement, they consider, were inevitably to betray the old. They have not yet realized the possibility, to say nothing of the imperative necessity, of keeping, and cherishing as fondly as they are able, all that is best in the old, and combining with it what is best in the new; and it was only to be expected that the advent of a poet bearing so clearly as Mr. Masefield the hall-mark of the new should be made the occasion for a fresh clamor of dissension.

And, surely enough, when Mr. Masefield's poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," appeared in the pages of a contemporary, the water in the kettle of controversy began at once to bubble uneasily. A few critics rushed forth to place Mr. Masefield upon a pedestal the height of which must have made him dizzy; but many others came armed with sword and shield against him, denying him any claim whatever to the title of poet. The eternal question as to what does and does not constitute poetry was dragged forth again into the critical marketplace, and for many weeks a none too dignified warfare was waged around it with somewhat blunt and rusty weapons. And, as it has always happened when an analysis of the nature of poetry has been attempted by force of reasoning, the result of the warfare was nothing. It only proved that, glibly as it has often been repeated, the fact has not yet been realized that poetry can only be approached and estimated in terms of the emotions. Poetry may be best compared, perhaps, as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has compared something or other, it matters not what, to the breeze that blows the trees. We are the trees; the leaves are our senses; and poetry is the unfettered wind which, blowing where it listeth, sweeps in upon the leaves, setting the whole forest of our emotions swaying and rustling. And yet how many of us, as Mr. Chesterton says, act upon the principle that it is the leaves that should make the wind! And, applying the metaphor, it may be taken as an impeccable rule that when it is the leaves that make the wind, then we have no genuine poetry. We have only genuine poetry when the wind does truly rush in and shake the leaves. It may come gently as a zephyr of spring, or wildly as a gale of autumn. It may come as we have seen it come a thousand times, or as we have never seen it before. But so long as it does come, then we have genuine poetry. Yet, if only it come with a smack in it a little different from what they are accustomed to, you have a whole band of critics prepared to deny the wind itself.

Once more, however, the captains and the kings of controversy have departed into the oblivion of the newspaper files, and the poetry of Mr. Masefield remains. Now, therefore, that the air is a little cleared and cooled, it may not be uninteresting to attempt a reconsideration of the three long poems with which Mr. Masefield has entered into the public eye, especially in their relation to the new

movement in poetry of which they are such admirable examples. And, to begin with, the main thing to be observed about this new movement as illustrated by Mr. Masefield's work is not the fact that poetry has succeeded in breaking away from such firmly-rooted traditions at all, but that it has completely, with one indomitable outburst of determination, so that it will never be possible again for that old bondage to reclaim it. Until recently poetry was content, as a general rule, to gather her grain where that grain was apparent and easily to be gathered. Now, however, she is wakening to the realization that it is no less her purpose to seek the grain in, and to winnow it from, the chaff. She has learnt that, the human soul being a more complicated affair than even she had suspected, the finest grain is often mingled with the coarsest chaff; and she is resolved that there is no aspect of human life or thought or emotion, there is no field, however forbidding in apperance (and how typically Victorian were the nineteenth-century poets in their attitude towards appearances!) that shall escape her threshing machine. In a word, she will not hesitate to trail her garments in the thickest dust, if so be that from that dust she may redeem some smallest gem.

The danger of the new movement will at once be apparent. The danger is that, while the true poet will delve in the dust for the sake of the gem, the false poet, who is always with us, will take the opportunities thus opened to him for plying his muck-rake in the dust for the sake of the dust itself. The danger is a real one, and it will have to be faced. But, after all, it is not so great as might at first sight be imagined. That it exists is clearly proved by the mass of wire-drawn subtleties (which are neither poetry nor prose, nor anything else whatsoever to which it is possible to apply a name) that it has already produced. But dust, like water, has a way of finding its own level; and verse in which there does not breathe the living spirit of poetry very quickly, as a rule, sinks into eternal oblivion. Unfortunately, Mr. Masefield himself, in two at least of his three poems, falls a prey now and then to the obvious temptation. He is not always content with getting to the naked heart of things, as it is of the essence of his purpose to do; and occasionally he gives us, in consequence, touches of inexcusable coarseness, which will bring the blush to modest cheeks. Such infringements of reasonable restraint are, however, rare; and the fact remains that when everything has been said that can be said in demerit of Mr. Masefield—and in passing it must be added that he sometimes falls into an unmusical slough of despond—his poetry triumphs over it all, and triumphs conspicuously well. To return to our metaphor of the wind and trees, it may be said to triumph over the few impurities which it contains, just as the air that blows across Hampstead Heath may be said to triumph over the London smoke and dust with which it is laden. In either case, the air is not unpolluted, but remains, nevertheless, marvellously fresh and healthy. To deny the sun because of the spot upon it were absurd, and to condemn a complete poem because you must condemn a few passages of it were equally absurd. Mr. Masefield shows us here and there the pitfalls which beset the new movement; but his work, taken as a whole, is sterling proof of what the new movement is capable of achieving.

Take, for instance, "The Widow in the Bye-Street," [1] which, though withheld for some time from publication, was the first of the three poems to be written. Here we have the story of

[1] Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d. net.

an old woman who earns a precarious livelihood by stitching shrouds for the big undertaker of a Shropshire country-town, and who sacrifices her very food and clothing for her only son. The son comes under evil influences, and is brought through sensuality and jealousy to murder and the gallows, leaving the widow a harmless, pathetic lunatic. Mr. Masefield has, let it be admitted, a slight tendency to caricature; but in its essence his story is true, and is one of no uncommon occurrence. It is one, however, which the Victorian poets would have regarded with dismay, and would have relegated to a place quite outside the pale of art. They might have been a little more generously disposed towards "Dauber,"[1] which relates the history of a farmer's son, who, seized with a passionate ambition to paint the sea, embarks upon a vessel as ship's painter with a view to study the ocean "from the inside." Exiled as he is, of course, among common sailors, his ambition is early nipped in the bud; his canvases are destroyed by ruthless hands; ridicule and abuse are lavished upon him; and, being wholly unfit for the rough work of the ship, he is taunted for being a coward. Against the gibes that are showered upon him his manhood revolts; he makes one desperate effort to prove his courage, and falling from the masthead during the height of a storm, he perishes upon the deck below. But if the poets of an earlier generation might have regarded the story with a more lenient eye, they would certainly have shrunk from such treatment of it as this:—

"Just by the round-house door as it grew dark
The boatswain caught the Dauber with 'Now, you.
Till now I've spared you, damn you, now you hark
I've just had hell for what you didn't do.
I'll have you broke and sent among the crew
If you get me more trouble by a particle.
Don't you forget, you daubing useless article.

'You thing, you twice-laid thing from Port Mahon.'
Then came the cook's 'Is that the Dauber there?
Why don't you leave them stinking paints alone?
They stink the house out, poisoning all the air,
Just take them out.' 'Where to?' 'I don't care where.
I won't have stinking paints here.' From their plates
'That's right; wet paint breeds fever,' growled his mates.

He took his still wet drawings from the berth
And climbed the ladder to the deck-house top,
Beneath, the noisy half-deck rang with mirth,
For two ship's boys were putting on the strop.
One, clambering up to let the skylight drop,
Saw him and scuttled down and whispered 'Sammy,
Here's Dauber mooning on the deck-house, dammy.'"

And no less certainly would they have protested against the following passage from "The Widow in the Bye-Street," which describes the visit of mother and son to the village fair, where the son first falls into the snare of Eve, beautiful, licentious, sensual, eager as a tigress for prey:—

"All of the side shows of the fair are lighted,
Flares and bright lights, and brassy cymbals clanging,
'Beginning now' and 'Everyone's invited,'
Shatter the pauses of the organ's whanging,
The Oldest Show on Earth and the Last Hanging,
'The Murder in the Red Barn,' with real blood,

[1] William Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net.

The rifles crack, the Sally shy-sticks thud.

Anna walked slowly homeward with her prey,
Holding old tottering mother's weight upon her,
And pouring in sweet poison on the way
Of 'Such a pleasure, ma'am, and such an honor,'
And 'One's so safe with such a son to con her
Through all the noises and through all the press,
Boys daredn't squirt tormenters on her dress.'

At mother's door they stop to say 'Good-night.'
And mother must go in to set the table.
Anna pretended that she felt a fright
To go alone through all the merry babel:
'My friends are waiting at "The Cain and Abel,"
Just down the other side of Market Square,
It'd be a mercy if you'd set me there.'

So Jimmy came, while mother went inside;
Anna has got her victim in her clutch.
Jimmy, all blushing, glad to be her guide,
Thrilled by her scent, and trembling at her touch.
She was all white and dark, and said not much;
She sighed, to hint that pleasure's grave was dug,
And smiled within to see him such a mug."

Now, while it would surely be impossible for anyone not to appreciate such brilliant workmanship—the level of which, allowing for the occasional lapses of which we have already spoken, Mr. Masefield maintains very consistently throughout the three poems—no one with any understanding would describe these passages in themselves as poetry of a high order. They were never intended to be, and Mr. Masefield would himself be the first to refute any claim urging that they were. But it must be repeated that a poem cannot be fairly judged except as a whole, and it is the great injustice of which critics of the older school are guilty that they confine their attention almost entirely to such passages, ignoring the fact that the very purpose of them is to lend a double force and emphasis to the more tender and mellow and beautiful passages with which Mr. Masefield's work is so richly sprinkled.

The following quotation will serve as an illustration:—

"Guilty. Thumbs down. No hope.
The judge passed sentence:
'A frantic, passionate youth, unfit for life,
A fitting time afforded for repentance,
Then certain justice with a pitiless knife.
For her who, but for him, had been a wife,
Pity. For her who bore him, pity. (Cheers.)
The jury were exempt for seven years.'

All bowed; the Judge passed to the robing-room,
Dismissed his clerks, disrobed, and knelt and prayed
As was his custom after passing doom,
Doom upon life, upon the thing not made.
'O God, who made us out of dust, and laid
Thee in us bright, to lead us to the truth,
O God, have pity upon this poor youth.

'Show him Thy grace, O God, before he die;
Shine in his heart; have mercy upon me,
Who deal the laws men make to travel by
Under the sun upon the path to Thee;
O God, Thou knowest I'm as blind as he,
As blind, as frantic, not so single, worse,
Only Thy pity spared me from the curse.

'Thy pity and Thy mercy, God, did save,
Thy bounteous gifts, not any grace of mine,
From all the pitfalls leading to the grave,
From all the death-feasts with the husks and swine.
God, who hast given me all things, now make shine
Bright in this sinner's heart that he may see.
God, take this poor boy's spirit back to Thee.'"

Not only are these last three stanzas remarkable for their technique, and not only in themselves are they undeniably poetry, but, following suddenly upon a number of verses in which, with almost brutality of descriptive power, Mr. Masefield has pictured the whole barbaric ceremony of a murder trial and the passing of the death sentence, they come with an intensity which it would be simply impossible for them otherwise to possess; and, coming thus, they carry all before them. And this is only one of many instances which clamor for citation, and show how, not only by his daring in choosing a story outwardly repulsive, but nevertheless uncommonly rich in those elements of humanity and sympathy and dramatic irony—the grain which is the purpose of the true poetry to gather—but also by his equal daring in his method of treating the story, Mr. Masefield reaps a harvest infinitely greater than any that was ever capable of being reaped by the more exclusive and tenderly guarded Muse of the preceding generation. Both in "The Widow in the Bye-Street" and in "Dauber," whole systems of nerves in the great and complicated organism of the soul which have hitherto lain unresponsive tingle into life; and surely the means is justified by the end.

But it is "The Everlasting Mercy" [3] that we see the supreme fruit thus far of the new movement. In "The Widow in the Bye-Street" and "Dauber," Mr. Masefield has given us "remarkable" poems, which are destined to live as such; but in "The Everlasting Mercy" he has given us "a great" poem. Here we have the no less true or engrossing story of the blackguard of a Gloucestershire village who commences his downhill career in poaching, which he cannot even do in a sportsmanlike spirit; who continues it in prize-fighting to defend a lie, and who descends through nearly every depth of sensuality and inebriety until at length the inherent goodness which from time to time manifests itself even in such a man is awakened by a Quaker lady into an overwhelming flood of emotion that "converts" him. But not only does Mr. Masefield here show us how every ounce of gold may be extracted from the dust, but he shows us how the very dust itself may be transformed into gold. He takes the coarsest threads of realism and weaves them through some magician's loom into the finest fabric of spirituality. His story is only the story that may be heard at any street-corner where the Salvation Army musters. The man in the street, however, only sees the outward and cruder aspects of the change that often comes suddenly into a fellow-man's life, transforming it from evil into good. But Mr. Masefield, with true poetic genius, sees the inside; and what has been a matter for mild ridicule, sometimes upon the part even of the most cultured, he lifts upon the wings of interpretation into a thing of ethereal beauty. We may quote three passages to illustrate the transformation in process. Firstly, we have the raw material:—

"By Dead Man's Thorn, while setting wires,
Who should come up but Billy Myers,
A friend of mine, who used to be

[3] Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d. net.

As black a sprig of hell as me,
With whom I'd planned, to save encroachin',
Which fields and coverts each should poach in.
Now when he saw me set my snare—
He tells me 'Get to hell from there.
This field is mine,' he says, 'by right;
If you poach here, there'll be a fight.
Out now,' he says, 'and leave your wire—
It's mine.'
'It ain't.'
'You put.'
'You liar.'
'You closhy put.'
'You bloody liar.'
'This is my field.'
'This is my wire.'
'I'm ruler here.'
'You ain't.'
'I am.'
'I'll fight you for it.'
'Right, by damn.'"

Secondly, we see the raw material caught into the magician's loom:—

"From three long hours of gin and smokes,
And two girls' breath and fifteen blokes,
A warmish night, and windows shut,
The room stank like a fox's gut.
The heat and smell and drinking deep
Began to stun the gang to sleep.
Some fell downstairs to sleep on the mat,
Some snored it sodden where they sat.
Dick Twot had lost a tooth and wept,
But all the drunken others slept.
Jane slept beside me in the chair,
And I got up—I wanted air.

I opened window wide and leaned
Out of that pigstye of the fiend
And felt a cool wind go like grace
About the sleeping market-place.
The clock struck three, and sweetly, slowly,
The bells chimed Holy, Holy, Holy;
And in a second's pause there fell
The cold note of the chapel bell,
And then a cock crew, flapping wings,
And summat made me think of things."

And here is a typical example of the finished article: —

"O Christ who holds the open gate,
O Christ who drives the furrows straight,
O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn forever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair
Thy blessèd feet shall glitter there,
And we will walk the weeded field,
And tell the golden harvest's yield,
The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ."

Better than any amount of comment these quotations will show the effects which the new poetry is able to produce. Again, it may be admitted that in itself the first passage is not poetry of a high order, although, even so, we do not believe those who call it prose merely cut up into lengths, which they themselves could have dictated to a typewriter a great deal better had only they had the necessary leisure. But, without it, the beautiful and tender contrast which creeps suddenly into the middle of the second passage would be impossible; and never before, surely, have the first tappings of good against the door of evil been more perfectly suggested. Similarly, without the first passage, the whole of the last portion of the poem, exquisite as it is in itself, would not have been, as in Mr. Masefield's hands it becomes, the supreme expression of the supreme miracle of life. For where in the whole of literature will you find more admirably captured than in the closing pages of "The Everlasting Mercy" the emotions of a man who had suddenly felt something "break inside his brain," and who knows that the past with all its shame and horror has for ever fallen from him, as he goes forth

along the open road, while through the mist the sun comes up with the infinite promise of a new day, and the sound of an early plough upon the hillside, and the song of the first lark soaring into the silent heavens, and even the very noise of a railway engine shunting, are blended into one glorious symphony of regeneration?

And if it be another test of true poetry that sends the reader out along life's common road, refreshed and with new hope towards the dawn, then by this test also the author of "The Everlasting Mercy" is a great poet; and surely it is time that those critics who would deny to such vital literature its rightful honors should pull down their narrow barns of vision, and build greater.

In considering Mr. Masefield's work as it interprets the motives and methods of the new movement in poetry, it has been necessary to omit a consideration of certain of Mr. Masefield's more individualistic features. Much might be said, for instance, of the unrivalled passages of pastoral poetry which "The Widow in the Bye-Street" contains, or of the equally unrivalled manner in which in "Dauber" Mr. Masefield captures the spirit of the sea, which he knows and understands probably better than any man living. There is one thing which must be noted, however, in conclusion. In a day when most books of poetry issue still-born from the press, Mr. Masefield has immediately gained what is, for a poet, a large public. This fact has brought a sort of contemptuous joy into the enemy's camp, as clearly indicating Mr. Masefield's failure. Obviously, it is argued, Mr. Masefield's work is not appealing to lovers of poetry, but is being read by that coarse-grained public which is always swept off its feet by any form of novelty. Mrs. Katharine Tynan, bewailing some little time ago in *Public Opinion* the death of letters, voices this attitude. "It is an indication of the times," she says, "that the new poets, like John Masefield, take the world by the throat. The kingdom is for the violent, and the violent carry it away."

Not only, however, is this an ungracious attitude, but is has nothing to support it. Mr. Masefield's success is due to the fact that there has been a large public eagerly hungry for poetry, but a public not willing to be beguiled by the drawing-room melodizings or the artificial extravagances which are all that recent years have had to offer. There has been a large public impatient for a poet who should prove his art to be not merely artifice, but something robust and something vital in its relation to life; and it is an encouraging sign that now that poet has arrived he has not come unregarded.

But success always brings its risk. Mr. Masefield's readers will unquestionably ask for more. Will he be able to give it them; or, if not, will he be strong enough to refuse? So far, to return yet again to our old metaphor, the wind has surely shaken the trees. But the wind cannot always do so, and when the wind fails for a while will Mr. Masefield try to make the trees create the wind? He has a felicity of technique which might prove dangerous. It is to be hoped it will never prove fatal. Mr. Masefield would always be the master of verse; but the mastery of poetry no man ever yet had, or will have. Poetry must always have the mastery of man.

Gilbert Thomas.

The Fortnightly Review.

COLOR-BLIND.

By Alice Perrin.

CHAPTER XII.

At the time that Fay went out into the garden, her parents and Isabel were discussing Marion's suggestion of a furnished house in the country for the next two or three months. She came back to the smoking room to find that circumstances had definitely decided the question for them. By the last post came the South African mail and brought bad tidings. Walter Fleetwood, stationed with his battery at Capetown, wrote to confess wretchedly to his people that he had exceeded his allowance, indeed was seriously in debt; unless he could be cleared without delay he must send in his papers.

Walter could, and of course must be, cleared, his parents agreed, consulting together till late into the night. A portion of Mrs. Fleetwood's own money still remained, and they had brought home something with them from India; but a house in the country for the present was certainly not to be contemplated.

Therefore, throughout August and September, Mrs. Fleetwood and her youngest daughter stayed in the South Kensington house, just with the exception of one or two week-end visits to the aunts in the suburbs, from which they returned with relief to the independence of time and action that can never truly be claimed by a visitor. Marion and Isabel paid lengthier visits in various parts of the country and were actually for three weeks with Mrs. de Wick, who, truth to tell, found a difficulty in securing girls (who had any other choice) to join her house parties. Girls in general do not care for old men, or protracted meals, or perpetual bridge, but Marion said, "Any port in a storm" since it would be dreadful to stay in London. After all, the grounds of the de Wicks' place were pretty, the house was comfortable, plenty of novels lay about, and there were garden parties in the neighborhood to which they all went in carriages and the motor. Marion appreciated the physical luxury, the easy hours, the numerous servants, the unquestionably good living, everything except the company, who were nearly all members of what her father had contemptuously christened "the bloated brigade."

She and Isabel were astonished to discover that the only man of the party who had any pretensions to comparative youth was, so to speak, a "professional visitor," an over-dressed individual who gave himself intolerable airs, and was paid many guineas weekly to arrange the bridge tables with tact, to set the right people down to picture puzzles, to gossip without shame about actors and singers and Dukes and Duchesses and the Royal Family, to tell amusing and often scandalous stories at appropriate moments, to organize expeditions and games of croquet.....in short, to do master of the ceremonies. Cynically he confided the nature of his trade to Miss Fleetwood, adding that he held London Society in the hollow of his hand, hinting that if he chose he could make or mar a woman's reputation. He owned valuable rings and pins, and chains and links, and studs, which he implied had been presented to him either as tokens of gratitude or as bribes to secure his silence or his favor. Marion disliked and despised him utterly; nevertheless, she concealed her feelings, assuring herself that to betray them would be bad manners towards her hosts, the true reason being that she feared the man

and his vaunted powers, never having encountered a specimen of the breed before. He appeared to know everybody, and from him she heard tell of Sir Rowland Curtice.

"I wonder if you ever met him when he was out in India?"

Marion was thankful she had not answered when the gentleman continued, hardly pausing—

"I saw him just after he got back. He'd been dangerously ill out there, a bad case of typhoid, and he was obliged to come home without finishing his tour. And not only did he have a narrow squeak of snuffing out, but of being married as well! Some girl made a dead set at him, he told me, and would probably have caught him if he hadn't been taken ill! You say you didn't meet him?"

Marion suspected the man of deliberate malice—of being aware that it was she whom Sir Rowland accused of having tried to marry him. Even so of what avail to defend herself and reveal the truth concerning the "bad case of typhoid?" She merely answered with careless evasion that she had heard of Sir Rowland, and inquired what had become of him. She would have rejoiced to hear that he was dead, or ruined, or crippled for life. But he had only gone to Japan and America to reestablish his health, and as coal had lately been discovered on his estate he was richer than ever.

Mr. Fleetwood went north in time for the Twelfth, to join two friends with whom he had taken a modest shooting. The trio stayed at an inn, and enjoyed themselves in what might be considered marvellously economical fashion. But though they certainly obtained a very fair amount of sport for a reasonable outlay, Mr. Fleetwood's share of the shooting and expenses represented more than his income could meet in view of all other and unavoidable claims upon it—the house, the girls, the sons' allowances—and so on. He came back to London in splendid health and spirits only to be surprised and depressed by the unpleasing discovery that his banking account was seriously overdrawn.

He sat at the big writing table in the smoking room, his pass-book and the bank-manager's letter open before him; but he looked out of the window with troubled gaze instead of at the words and figures on the pages. What a curse this question of money could be! It was rather rough luck after thirty-five years of hard work to come home and find one couldn't afford to enjoy oneself! He reviewed the past, and wondered rather guiltily if he had always spent too much money on himself?—only over the shooting perhaps, and it had not seemed much at the time; there had always been the pay to meet expenses. And it was a fact that he and Emily had come home free of debt, which was more than could be said for many retired Anglo-Indians with average families, who had lived like gentlefolk and not disgraced their service by sordid habits and hospitality that was obviously grudging, if they entertained at all. He remembered with grim amusement a certain individual whose official position had been equal to his own; throughout his service the beggar had lived like a railway subordinate, in the cheapest houses he could find, with few and bad servants, scanty and revolting meals, his wife for ever haggling over coppers, his children in the charge of slovenly ayahs till they could, for very shame, be kept out in the country no longer, and so were despatched to relatives at home and second-rate day schools. These people had, of coarse, saved money, but at what a price!—and now they were living in North Kensington broken in health, without pleasures or friends, still screwing, and saving, and bargaining, because

now they had got their money they could not endure to part with it, even to be comfortable in their declining years. . . .

Mrs. Fleetwood came into the room, and with her Fanny Bullen, just arrived in England—six months ahead of her husband whose time was up next spring—to prepare a home in or near London. Naturally she was staying with the Fleetwoods till she went on a round of visits to relations in the country next week Mr. Fleetwood, in his present difficulty, felt thankful for her presence. "Old Fanny" had a sound business head. He and Emily might do worse than consult her and follow her advice. Last night he had suggested this course to his wife, who gave her glad acquiescence. And now they were to have their little conference, their *panchyat* they called it, and, with Fanny's assistance, endeavor to make practical plans for the future.

Mrs. Bullen's dark eyes looked sharper than ever in her thin, sallow face. Her wiry figure and alert bearing formed a complete contrast to Mrs. Fleetwood's complacent indulgence of manner, her comfortable plumpness of figure, and her clear blue eyes that yet were not so smiling and cloudless as of old; lines, too, lay about her sweet-tempered mouth that were new to Fanny Bullen. It was evident that Emily had been worrying, and no wonder, thought her friend, when she was shown the pass-book and read the bank-manager's letter.

"Of course," she said intimately, "things wouldn't have been as bad as this if Walter had behaved himself. What you've had to pay up for him doesn't reduce your income so very materially, but it means you have practically no surplus to fall back upon now—very little to spend on settling down permanently."

Blank silence fell upon the Fleetwoods, who could not contradict the statement because they perceived it to be true.

"Now, just face it!" continued their adviser. "There's your pension, minus deductions and income-tax. And what have you got left in the way of savings or private means after clearing Walter and meeting the overdraft at the bank?"

Mr. Fleetwood made calculations on a clean piece of stamped note paper.

"Why didn't you use that half sheet?" cried Fanny.

"Good gracious!—what can a sheet of note paper matter when one's almost in the workhouse?"

Mrs. Bullen allowed this argument to pass. "Well?" she said presently.

"Roughly speaking, we should have about five hundred pounds in cash besides our pension." He threw down the pen and leaned back in the revolving chair, a picture of despondency.

"Then by the time you have set yourselves up in a house there won't be much left but the pension—"

She looked at Mrs. Fleetwood, who proposed going abroad and not settling anywhere just yet.

Mr. Fleetwood left his chair to stroll moodily about the room.

"You're a large party to go to hotels abroad," said Mrs. Bullen cautiously. "You'd find it expensive, I'm afraid."

"Oh! I refuse to go abroad!" Mr. Fleetwood spoke with impatience. "Now we are in England we'd better stay here. The question is where and how we are to settle. I suppose we must make up our minds to a small house, wherever it is—"

"We must reduce the boys' allowances." said Mrs. Fleetwood with a helpless sigh.

"Why should you give them allowances at all," Mrs. Bullen demanded almost fiercely, "when you'll find it difficult enough to live yourselves except in a way you'll all hate? Walter must go into the Garrison Artillery

and Georgie into the Commissariat."

"Even then they'd want a little help till they're more senior. I shouldn't like to dock them altogether," said Mr. Fleetwood wistfully. "I'd sooner give up other things. Emily and I don't want amusements at our age," he added, with a laugh that was not quite natural; "we only want food and warmth!"

"The girls want amusement—you can't content three grown-up girls with food and warmth!"

"Well, I must get something to do—why not?"

"What is there for a man like you?" argued Mrs. Bullen without mercy. "You didn't retire with a title or decorations; you can't get onto the Indian Council—you haven't any claim. And you'd be no good on companies; at any rate, for Heaven's sake don't put your remaining cash into any rotten scheme for the sake of a directorship. Very few Anglo-Indians understand business, and so many of them get let in. . . . That's the worst of the Indian Civil Service—it's all very well as long as you're in it; you get better paid than other services to work hard in exile and in a trying climate, and to represent the Crown wherever you are, but once out of it, though you may have years of work and energy left in you, what remains for the ordinary man but to settle down to dull idleness? An engineer, a doctor, or even a soldier has more chance of employment when he comes home—but then he hasn't been treated so well financially out there."

"Yes, look at the Taylors," said Mrs. Fleetwood, much interested; "at Pahar Tal I remember they were rather in the background, and now here they are at home, with a small pension, it's true, but on the other hand, with an excellent appointment in some firm—ever so much better off than we are. Mr. Taylor was an engineer—just what you say, Fanny. How clever you are!"

"Shall I write a book?" suggested Mr. Fleetwood in cynical spirit. "'Crams by a Commissioner'—'How I helped to govern India,' by John Fleetwood, Bengal Civil Service, retired. Anything you like."

"Yes, I know the kind of thing," said Mrs. Bullen. "Twelve and sixpence net, illustrated with photographs that haven't much to do with the letterpress. Long, laudatory reviews in *The Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Spectator*, and so on. Then a row with the publisher because you only make seven pounds, if he doesn't say he has lost over it heavily. I know! My brother wrote a book when he came home from India. It was called 'Sand and Sunshine.' "

"I remember it," said Mr. Fleetwood, not without malicious emphasis.

Mrs. Bullen laughed. "Well, dear John, I don't suppose yours would be any better or more successful. At any rate writing a book will give you something to do. Try a History of India!"

Here Mrs. Fleetwood interrupted plaintively. "But what are we going to do? and where are we to live? We've only got this house till the end of the month, and then we are homeless."

"Can't you take it on for a little while longer?"

"No, and even if we could it's rather expensive perhaps—eight guineas a week!"

"That's at the rate of four hundred a year! Of coarse it's too expensive. Look here, Emily and John, you must make up your minds to settle at Ealing, or one of those places where Anglo-Indians most do congregate—for a common reason that they're cheap to live in and close to London. Many people consider Ealing is London."

"Oh! but surely the depths of the

country, somewhere in Wales, or Cornwall, would be nicer and cheaper!" wailed Mrs. Fleetwood.

"What would the girls do in the depths of Wales or Cornwall? And how would you finish Fay's education? She hasn't over much to boast of as it is, poor child. Living within reach of London, the girls would have the advantage of seeing their friends, John would still have his club, and Ealing, or say Norbledon if you like, aren't at all bad places. Plenty of young people, and you'd know half the inhabitants. We are thinking of Norbledon for ourselves."

"Oh! if *you* were going to be there, Fanny—" said Mrs. Fleetwood hopefully.

"I think it's more than probable. The boys like to be near London when they come home. We might house-hunt together."

Mrs. Bullen determined she would preserve her old friends from further disaster if possible. Left to themselves they would probably take a house much too large for them, one that would require more servants than they could afford to keep, and the remaining nest-egg might quickly disappear.

"You must remember," she added, "that after the girls are dressed and paid for, and what you decide to allow those wretched boys is deducted, you won't have many hundreds a year left to live upon. Everything costs a good deal of money at home, wherever you live! You must have a margin, too, for illness, and journeys, and unexpected emergencies."

All this time Mr. Fleetwood was silent. He had returned to his chair and was making scratches on another clean piece of writing paper. Fanny Bullen longed to grab the pen from his hand,—at the same time her heart ached for the man. She knew his temperament so well—always kind yet quick tempered, generous yet thoughtless over ways and means, unselfish at heart yet lacking initiative; a faithful husband, an affectionate father, sincere and honorable—a gentleman if there ever was one—and she guessed that her ruthless exposure of his financial position, far from rousing his resentment, only awoke in him a sense of self-reproach and a keener recognition of his responsibilities towards his family. Secretly Fanny blamed Emily, whose indulgence of her love of hospitality had been just as reprehensible as her husband's indulgence of his passion for sport. Between them over their respective hobbies they had spent money that would have made them comfortable enough at home, might have rendered possible the place in the country with a couple of horses and a little rough shooting. Giving their children all that those children wanted, they had yet gone without nothing that they wanted themselves. Naturally Walter had got into difficulties, when money had seemed of no particular account at home; he was a "scatterbrain" though a good enough youth at heart—his letter home about his follies had moved even herself, Fanny Bullen, to tears by its genuine distress and repentance! She had no fear that he would repeat his indiscretions, especially as she intended to write to him pretty plainly. Georgie, now in China, on the other hand had always been steady, but he took his allowance as a right, and of course would continue to do so as long as his father gave it to him without explanations. She resolved that his eyes should be opened too. . . In the meantime the Fleetwoods must be induced to settle as though the allowances were still to be paid, and the margin, when the allowances ceased or were reduced, would prove of incalculable benefit to the establishment at Ealing or Norbledon, or wherever it might be set up . . . .

Scratch, scratch, went Mr. Fleetwood's pen, aimlessly, over the paper, making circles and dots and hieroglyphics. His broad, generous mind was busy with the problem of the future. His main thought was that Emily and the girls must be considered first. Plainly, he could see, Fanny Bullen was right, good, tiresome soul! He felt incensed with himself for not having looked ahead before. It was entirely his fault,—this humiliating situation. From the first he ought to have realized that earned income was a totally different matter from income that was derived from capital; instead of which, as long as money was forthcoming at the moment, it had been spent. They had lived regardless of the future. It was all a case of carelessness, of lack of forethought, not of blameworthy intention, for never had they defrauded any one but themselves, always had they paid their debts;—but undoubtedly they had enjoyed life as well!—at any rate, thirty years of pleasant existence lay behind them with no real evil in it save blindness to future needs. . . . .

Stoutly the man determined that on himself he would spend nothing but what was reasonable and necessary. He would keep his club subscription (he must have something!) and a small sum for clothes and pocket money.

The rest should be for Emily and the children. Sport he would think of no longer, it must be a dream of the past; and he fully concurred in Fanny Bullen's scheme of settling in a suburb,—where at least he would have no temptations to spend money on shooting; dogs, a keeper, pheasants' eggs and food, the laying down of birds, might all be pitfalls in the country. He would endeavor, late as it was, to make up for the heedlessness of past years. There should be no grousing, no brooding—somehow he would occupy himself, find interest in a life shorn though it must be for him of its main pleasures, work and sport.

He threw down the pen and turned to the two women. His face was composed, his manner perhaps a little authoritative, but his blue eyes were very tender as he looked at Emily, who sat dejected and tearful. The day when he had first met her came back to him—what a sweet little girl she was, so gay and kindly, simple and warm-hearted. She had never changed in nature, though the slim waist had disappeared, the soft, abundant hair turned grey, the oval face had lost its pretty contour . . .there was no denying that Emily had a double chin. Yet he loved her just as much as when they were bride and bridegroom so many years ago—if anything his affection was deeper; and he knew that it was the same with her towards himself.

"Fanny's perfectly right," he said rather abruptly, "we must consider the girls, and it's plain we haven't enough money to give them a good time in the country or to settle down in London in the way we've always been accustomed to live. We'll do the best we can in the suburbs. Now—what about Norbledon?" he concluded, in business-like fashion. "Some one said it was the only possible place of the kind!"

"That must have been Sir George Palmer," said Mrs. Bullen, "but they have a large house with beautiful grounds—both of them had considerable private means, which makes all the difference. Still, Norbledon *is* very nice—they say it's as high as the top of St. Paul's."

"Oh! how cold!" shivered Mrs. Fleetwood at the bare notion, in spite of the mellow autumn atmosphere.

"Bracing," corrected her friend severely. Really it was exasperating of Emily to suggest drawbacks when John was "playing up" so bravely. "I am very much in favor of Norbledon

myself," she continued loftily. "Suppose we make investigations. Lots of old Anglo-Indians have settled there, and there's golf, and it's so easy to get into London—"

"I went to see the Crofts one day early this summer," said Mrs. Fleetwood, a little less mournfully. "They have settled at Norbledon. The roads looked very pretty with trees all along them, and lilac and laburnum in the gardens. I remember thinking I shouldn't so much mind living there. The Crofts had such a nice kitchen and larder, and they said the shops were excellent. But Mary Croft was rather cross because she said it seemed to depend so much on where you lived whether people took any notice of you."

Mr. Fleetwood sputtered with indignation. "A lot of snobs!" he said. "Look here, Emily, let's go down to Norbledon to-morrow. Fanny, you come too, and we'll house hunt. If we find anything to suit us we'll take it and be damned to the situation. What we want is room, not locality or people. The girls have their own friends in London, so have we."

"Now, John dear, don't be cross," said Mrs. Fleetwood. "I was only repeating what Mrs. Croft said, and you know what she is. She likes to be first everywhere."

"Well, let her." Then John Fleetwood went into the question of pounds, shillings, and pence with his wife and Mrs. Bullen, displaying an unexpected grasp of what money could and could not do domestically, listening to details of housekeeping which he had never known to exist till this moment. He considered trifles, made estimates, till rent and wages, food and washing, coal and lighting, sundries and etceteras were all entered under separate headings, reduced or expanded, with margins for emergencies and the unexpected, till the budget was scheduled like an official estimate and tucked away into Mr. Fleetwood's pocketbook for reference on the exploratory expedition arranged for the following day.

It was felt, tacitly, by all three to be just as well that Marion and Isabel were away from home for a few days at this juncture. "I wonder how they'll take it?" said their mother, feeling rather like a conspirator.

"They will see the sense of it—they're no fools," was their father's opinion. "We will put things before them without reserve when they come home."

"I should, certainly," said Mrs. Bullen. "It would be only fair."

Mrs. Bullen rose with a feeling of comfortable satisfaction in her heart. "Now I must be off to the Stores," she said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "Are you coming too, Emily?"

Mrs. Fleetwood glanced tentatively at her husband. "No, I don't think I will—this morning. I don't want anything."

Her eyes turned furtively towards the door. Fanny understood—Emily wanted to be left alone with John! She put on her gloves, useful dog-skin gloves (bought at the Stores before she went out to India last time) and took her departure briskly. She wondered, as she waited in the street for an omnibus, what was passing between her old friends. Could she have spied upon them she would have seen nothing very much—only Emily got up and John got up, and they kissed each other with all the love and confidence that could exist between two people who were sound in heart and morals, and had lived together without a serious cloud on their affection for thirty years.

Even during the trying day they spent with Fanny Bullen on the morrow house-hunting at Norbledon, they did not wrangle or snap at each other

as really might have been natural under the circumstances. The house-agent, they all felt, was a provoking person. He had fat cheeks, a snub nose, pig's eyes, and a harsh, prominent moustache that gave him the appearance of a walrus. The moment he discovered that his clients were Anglo-Indians he offered them a house called "The Howdah" which nearly had the effect of driving Mr. Fleetwood from the office without another word. He only retained his self-control because the next house on the list was named "Combe Down." It struck him as being so ludicrously appropriate!

"Combe Down, Emily," he said, and laughed with real amusement, "that's the house we ought to take. It exactly describes our position."

"If the house suited us we could change the name?" Mrs. Fleetwood suggested. Her sense of humor was not very strong.

"Certainly not!" replied her husband, his blue eyes twinkling. "It would make up for a lot!"

The Times. *(To be continued)*

THE TRADE IN ARMAMENTS.

The trade in modern naval armaments is a peculiar trade. War, and the fear of war, which are other trades' poison, are its meat. It has in its nature something governmental: its customers are governments, and governments are sometimes its partners. (The Hungarian Government, for instance, is just going into partnership with the Krupp firm in a new gun manufactory.) Its sales are matters of international importance. It never works except to order, but sometimes a customer is not so solvent or so warlike at the time of delivery as at the time of order, and the firm may find itself with its goods upon its hands. In such a case a limited company with two or three Dreadnoughts to sell may play, for dividends, a great part in diplomacy. In our modern wars a managing director may be a new Warwick, a veritable Kingmaker—Athens and Constantinople may compete for the smile of a "Board" (or on sad occasions of a "Receiver").

An historian might trace analogies with the *condottieri* of Italy or the stout Swiss mercenaries of Francis or Charles, or even with the worthy Hessians duly invoiced by their sovereign to George III. for service in America; but in the modern world this power of the armament tradesman is a new growth. The armored ship, the big gun, and the torpedo first made naval equipment dependent on the possession of iron and coal and engineering skill, and raised for us problems which the generation that fought at Waterloo had not to face. How are we to face these problems?

Mr. Angell's arguments cannot help us; the trade in armaments is the one trade to which he must appeal in vain. Civilized nations may be incapable, in modern conditions, of gaining material advantage for themselves by war with their fellows: but armament firms and companies live and prosper by war and the fear of war. For them the diversion of national wealth to the appliances for destruction is pure gain. For them peace and the spread of the pacific spirit is the danger. For them the centenary of the peace of Ghent is an occasion for a day of commercial humiliation and the Great Lakes void of warships represent a deplorable waste of good material. But to impute

moral obliquity would be wholly unjust. The trade has only gradually reached its present importance, and at its origin no one could foresee future developments. A shareholder in the business of armaments has drifted unconsciously into that position into which a Court of Equity never lets a trustee put himself—a position in which his duty conflicts with his interest. It is our business, the business of the society that has allowed the shareholder to get into this position, to cure the evil, and let us do it with as little fuss as possible. And since the immediate cessation of preparation for war is not practical politics, we can cure the evil in one way only—namely, by buying out the shareholder, and making the provision of armaments a monopoly of the State.

On April 18th last, Dr. Liebknecht, the Socialist deputy in the German Reichstag for Potsdam and Spandau, made a speech on this subject which has had a European echo. He made certain specific charges, and he barbed them with a constantly recurring taunt of the "unnational character," the *Vaterlandslosigkeit* of capital. The taunt, perhaps, seems at first sight to be a mere retort *ad homines* to those who denounce Socialism as unpatriotic. But it embodies an obvious truth in the modern world of business. Capital, as a whole, tends more and more to be international. Foreign investments grow apace. International syndicates exploit backward countries. All this is normal development. But to simple souls the capital employed in armaments might have seemed to demand to be excepted from this process of internationalization. Can a patriot make a profit out of arming his enemies? Alas! there is no such exception. A German or French or British capitalist in the armament trade will borrow money in the cheapest market—even that of an hereditary enemy; and sell a Dreadnought in the dearest—even that of tomorrow's invader. Our own British armament firms have their subsidiary establishments abroad, and the Italian fleet, now reckoned by our anti-Germans as a possible enemy, is in large part the product of British capital and engineering skill.

Dr. Liebknecht gave instances of the abuses to which the system of private profit-making in armaments gives rise. He alleges that the Dillingen works (the proprietors of which are connected with the ultra-jingo journal, *Die Post*, were owned largely by French capitalists, so much so that at the general meetings of the company the French language was to the fore. He accused the patriotic armament company known as the *Deutsche Munitions und Waffen Fabrik* of causing, or attempting to cause, a false report to be inserted in a French newspaper (the *Figaro* was the intended channel) to the effect that the French Government had decided to expedite and double their orders for machine guns, and actually read out to the Reichstag a letter which he alleged[1] to have been sent by the company to an agent in Paris containing instructions for the insertion of the necessary paragraph. He charged the firm of Krupp with bribing officials to betray military secrets which it might be to the advantage of the firm to know, and he passed on to the Jingo articles in the *Post*, the organ of the armament interests, articles which made a violent attack on the Kaiser for his peace-loving tendencies. His speech concluded with a ringing challenge to the whole system: "It is not only on grounds of financial decency and honesty that we press for a fundamental alteration of the system. The nationalization of the whole industry of armaments must be carried into effect, and that speedily,

1 It is now stated that the letter, though written, was never sent.

cost what it may; because this is the only way to extirpate a class of interests whose existence constitutes a standing danger of war for the whole world, and to destroy one root of the infatuation for armaments, one root of the discord of the peoples." Not since Burke, some 150 years ago, denounced those vulture-like German princes who hired out their soldiers to George III. for service in the American colonies—"they snuffed," said Burke, "the cadaverous taint of lucrative war"—has the world heard a denunciation so vehement of those who, in Liebknecht's words, "coin national discord into gold."

General von Heeringen, the Minister for War, replied to Dr. Liebknecht's demand for the nationalization of the armaments industry. He made no attempt to meet the general case for the elimination of the motive of private profit from the tendencies that make for war, but put his argument on the lower grounds of administrative convenience and the interests of the workmen employed in the private workshops. "We cannot," he said, "lay down in peace as much stores of materials as we should want in case of war. Mobilization would mean an immense demand which the State factories could not supply. We have to call in private factories. Therefore, the military administration is interested in having a competent trade in private hands behind it. In peace we cannot give their factories orders enough to make them equal to the emergency demand on mobilization. Hence our private factories have to look abroad for orders. Who gets the advantage? Without doubt that class, whose representatives the Social Democrats claim to be—the working-men; for if the orders from abroad fell off, then factories that give them wages and bread could not exist at all."

In other words: (1) we cannot so organize our military workshops as to bear the strain of war—a wonderful admission of incompetence, if true; and (2) the private trade in armaments benefits the working-man—an argument interesting chiefly as showing the prevalence in German governing circles of the old delusion that any abuse or luxury can be justified if thereby you "give employment." It is plain that so far as the German army is concerned the maintenance of the private trade in armaments is not demanded by any national necessity. Other nations—*e. g.*, Bulgaria—contrive to carry on war with effect, although their warlike materials have to be ordered from abroad, and they have no great cannon factories—public or private. Cannot a Great Power, with its own factories, equal the achievement of a Balkan State?

The reasons usually given for our own refusal to nationalize our armaments industry are not unlike those of General von Heeringen, but others are sometimes added. First, we are met with the old individualist objection to State enterprise—an objection which if valid at all should be extended to the total suppression of the dockyards. Next, it is suggested that it might not be inconvenient for us to have the power of adding to our fleet on the outbreak of war vessels just completed or nearing completion in British private yards for foreign neutral purchasers. To this it may be sufficient to reply: (1) the seizure against the will of the owner of a ship of war is an act of hostility which would probably add to the force of the enemy as much as it would increase our fleet; (2) the sale by the owner after the outbreak of war of a ship of war would be a violation of neutrality which no Power not already involved on our side (in which case their fleet would already be with us) would commit; (3) it is not for the dignity of the British nation or the se-

curity of this country to rely on casual profits for the defence of the realm; (4) if the idea gets about that the British Government will seize ships when it wants them, British shipbuilders will not get orders. Lastly, we are told that we are setting up a new class of voter interested in war. But the tendency to vote for an exaggerated navy will not be any greater because a man is in a dockyard than because he is employed by a private firm. In either case, he has the same interest in shipbuilding.

As to the method and time of nationalization, it would no doubt be desirable that the step should be taken by all civilized nations in concert, if possible with the sanction of a resolution of the Hague Congress. The proposal of such a resolution would come with good grace from ourselves, who seem, perhaps more than any other nation, to have an advantage from existing conditions. But if the foregoing arguments are correct, in reality no nation gains any advantage by the present state of things, and nationalization in one country need not wait for the action of another. International movements sometimes need pioneers. Over the terms of nationalization it would be unwise to haggle; we need not make present shareholders suffer for what is in reality the consequence of the negligence of Society. To eliminate the element of private profit from the business of war is cheap at any reasonable price.

And this elimination is, moreover, to be supported as a step in the natural development of international law. The nationalization of the armament trade would make the observance of the duties of a neutral far more easy; the neutral Government would itself own all yards and works from which an *Alabama* or a *Shenandoah* could be fitted out. It would stop, or at any rate greatly hamper, that part of the trade in contraband of war which everyone must hold to be undesirable—namely, the trade in actual rifles and munitions of war, a trade which is the fruitful source of ill-feeling. It would in substance extend to peace (that armed peace which is all that the modern world enjoys) the salutary prohibition against the equipment of warfare from neutral ground which at present obtains in war only. No Government would build ships for another Government. Ambassadors need not compete for "orders." Thus every international unit would have the charge and responsibility of the equipment of its own armaments, and clever salesmen would no longer deftly force on the younger civilizations articles which are only thought to be necessaries because they have been already bought by a neighbor. In fact, the business of the State would be under State control, and a nation would no more think of buying ships from abroad than we now think of buying soldiers or sailors. The world would live in a clearer and cleaner international atmosphere; and its wars and preparations for wars would at any rate be determined by what appeared to be national necessities without the intervention of the motives and the agencies of private advantage.

J. F. Williams.

The Contemporary Review.

MANKIND AND THE JUNGLE.

By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G.

"Everywhere the hand of Nature is upon us, and the history of the human mind can only be understood by connecting with it the history and the aspects of the material universe."—*Henry Thomas Buckle.*

It is, of course, a commonplace that life, as we know it, is dependent from day to day, nay, from moment to moment, upon an unfailing succession of deaths. Human beings, and other creatures more or less similarly constructed, slay their thousands with every breath they draw, yet cannot exist for ten minutes without a repetition of this carnage. Daily, from the cradle to the grave, we pack our stomachs with the dying and the dead. A cup of tea is a holocaust, a mouthful of cheese a hecatomb. Even the vegetarian, as Stevenson pointed out, is only "the eater of the dumb"; and the most soft-hearted humanitarian can only literally fulfil the commandment *Thou shalt not kill* by breaking it, through prompt recourse to suicide. Speaking generally, moreover, throughout the animal kingdom, so eager are the possessors of hungry maws that all creatures, from the dying lion to the damaged cockroach, begin to furnish countless meals long ere the life has quitted them. Not least among the manifold achievements of man is to be reckoned his power to rescue his fellows from this final, almost universal experience; but even he can only baffle the more obvious of the devourers. The invisible microbe is always busy, and even the dying man provides the food which is life to the ravenous living ere he goes to feed the worms and the grave-side plants.

But the most fierce strife of all, in this welter of battle and carnage, of eating and being eaten, which we name life, is the great silent war which man has waged unceasingly with the immense relentless forces of Nature, ever since he began to stagger erect upon the new, raw crust of earth, maintaining a precarious footing by the aid of *Gibbon*-like, outstretched, balancing arms. In the bitter cold of the Arctic regions, where he has suffered an eternal defeat; in the temperate zone, where he has survived in spite of Nature,—has fought, and in a measure conquered; in the tropics, where often he has lived by the aid of Nature, upon her bounty, and by her goodwill and toleration,—everywhere, even in the last-named lands, the warfare has never ceased, the ferocity of the strife has never slackened. And the varying characters of the races of mankind, as we find and know them to-day, have been formed and moulded, strengthened or weakened, built up or broken down, solely by the fortunes of this unceasing war.

In the Arctic circle, where annually man has withstood a six months' siege, driven to hide and bury himself from the onslaught of Nature's invading forces, he has been reduced to the level of the clinging, stubborn, unambitious parasite. In temperate lands, where he has battled with gradual and increasing success, and has thereby gotten enough of hope and of courage to renew the strife after defeats frequent and crushing, his character has hardened and his resource and ingenuity have been stimulated. He has learned to elevate into an idol that energy which has been at once his sword and his buckler; and in the end, carrying the war into his enemy's country, has taught himself to yoke her most Titanic forces to his service. In the tropics, where the rich earth has

yielded to him an abundant harvest in return for a minimum of grudging toil, he has learned to idolize ease; and we, strangers from afar, who see him living in these favored quarters of the globe, are apt to be deluded into the notion that here Nature is no longer the enemy and the taskmaster, but has become transformed into a kindly foster-mother, whose one fault is her over-indulgence to her children.

In the past I, in common with other observers, have accepted this as an apparent truth, whereas I now see reason to think that it enshrines an obvious fallacy. Nature never "lets up" in her contest with mankind. She fights on still, even in the temperate zone, where she is weakest, and where alone, therefore, man has proved permanently successful in his strife with her,—where, moreover, the stimulus which his courage and his energies have derived from repeated victories has rendered him peculiarly efficient and fit to fight. Rightly viewed, Nature has been in the tropics—where, as in the Arctic regions, she is surpassingly powerful—as completely successful in her battle with man as she has been in the extreme north and the extreme south. In the tropics, too, she has reduced man to a state of vassalage as abject as that of the Eskimo, who annually slinks into a burrow, seeking refuge from the winter and the winds.

I have often been puzzled by the apparent anomaly of the Malayan character, and have asked myself how it came to pass that one who is so cheerful and temperamental a fighter where man and beast, ay, and where flood and storm, are in question,— one who is keen and quick with energy alike in battle and in sport,—is stricken with such a deadening inertia when called upon to strive against the inanimate forces of the Jungle. I have sought the explanation in the inherited effects of many generations lived in an enervating climate; in the ease with which he can win a living from the most fertile soil in the world; from the "spoiling" which he, her favorite son, has received at the hands of a too-indulgent Nature. Yet none of these explanations completely satisfies the conditions, nor do they supply a key to the riddle of his lack of sustained energy and continuity of purpose in a single direction—in his fight with the encroaching forest.

What I believe to be the true solution of the enigma has been brought home to me by a book very recently published, "The Village in the Jungle," by Mr. Leonard Woolf. (London: Edward Arnold.) It is at once agreeable and humiliating that it should reach me in this manner and from this source: agreeable, because Mr. Woolf was till last year a brother officer of mine in the Colonial Civil Service, and because I was instrumental in sending him to the district wherein his knowledge was garnered; humiliating, because Mr. Woolf is many years my junior in age and service, and has discovered in two years spent in the more arid jungles of Ceylon a fact which escaped me during the two score years that I lived in the splendid, luxuriant forests of the Malay Peninsula.

It is humiliating alike for him and for me to realize that the truth which he has found, and which in his book he has illustrated with such unusual skill and insight, was detected more than three-quarters of a century ago by a man who, to the best of my knowledge and belief, had never visited Asia, or seen the jungles of the East with his living eyes.

This man was Henry Thomas Buckle, the author of "The History of Civilization in England," the eager, opinionated thinker, who spent his days and his nights, every atom of his physical and mental forces, and his soul to the last winnowed shreds of it,

in writing a fragment of the preface to the great book which, in the vainglorious pride and insolence of youth, he had dreamed that he would write. Few people read Buckle to-day, men tell me; yet he was the first to formulate and record many of the ideas which, in our time, have become some of the most ordinary pieces in our intellectual furniture. In his day, Englishmen in the East were too busy *doing* to have over-much leisure for *thinking*; and thus it was left to this passionate scholar——stooping with bent shoulders and blinded eyes over the tremendous manuscript which was the mausoleum of his dreams—to lay down, once for all, the formula of the Jungle.

"*In estimating the physical conditions by which civilization was originally determined,*" *he wrote,* "*we have to look not merely at the exuberance, but also at what may be called the manageability, of Nature.*"

In that short sentence lies the profound truth which Mr. Woolf has rediscovered, and which I have overlooked.

That truth is that, in all the long history of man in the tropics, the Jungle has always in the end triumphed over mankind. It has triumphed because it is "unmanageable"—as unmanageable in its own stealthy fashion as are the snows and ice and blizzards of the Arctic circle. Time out of mind, men have hacked or burned their little clearings or their little kingdoms out of the tropical forests, and have looked upon the Jungle with scorn, as upon a thing laid low and conquered. But if for a moment their vigilance has relaxed, if the continuity of their effort has been broken by war, by pestilence, or even by the slow degeneration of their own *morale*, inexorably has the "unmanageable" Jungle crept swiftly and silently back to reclaim its own, and to obliterate all traces of the desecration which its holy of holies has suffered.

The Jungle has swallowed up empires no less surely or completely than they have been submerged by the sea, or buried by the Egyptian sands. In the mean and arid forests of Kambodia, for example, temples upreared by a prodigality of human toil, no less terrific than that which went to the fashioning of the pyramids of old, have been inundated by the Jungle, as the seashore is covered by the rising tide. In the almost impenetrable thickets which are to-day the pall drawn by the forest over the thirty temples of Tha Phrom, I who write have seen gigantic monoliths, weighing full a score of tons, held aloft high above my reach by snake-like creepers, which have wrenched them from their resting-places, where the toil of man had laid them, and have heaved them up and up, as though in scorn and hatred. In the temple of the Ba Yon, after forcing my way through a veritable maze of trees and boughs and underwood, I have beheld on every side of me the immense stone heads of Brahma—the impassive Spirit of Prayer—embowered in green growths, leering and frowning at me with a hundred grotesque grimaces, their features monstrously distorted by in-creeping vines and lianas, till it seemed to me that the mocking Jungle devils had subjected the grim place to a veritable demoniac possession. And the Kambodians of our own age—the descendants of the men who aforetime waged for a space so successful a war with the forest—camp in the wilderness in thatched hovels; live on catch crops won from insignificant clearings; and, reduced to the level of the tolerated parasite, confess an eternal defeat at the hands of the "unmanageable" Jungle.

Here, as elsewhere in tropical lands, man for a brief period has conducted a successful raid upon the forest domin-

ions; has won therein a footing; has held to it with dwindling tenacity; has slackened in his efforts and his watchfulness; has been shaken, forced to retreat, and has in the end been routed utterly.

In other quarters of the torrid zone, such for instance as the Malay Peninsula, man has not sought to rule, and has yielded almost without a struggle to the invincible forces of the Jungle; has accepted the position of a serf, tolerated by the mercy, and fed by the bounty, of his enemy and oppressor. He has called a truce and has made terms with the Jungle—the abject, unambitious terms of the defeated; has paid his grudging tribute of toil in return for permission to live the life of the vanquished; has accepted his punishment, as a thing of course, when that tribute has been withheld or stinted; and, in a word, has resigned himself to the decrees of fate, as embodied in the "unmanageableness" of the Jungle.

During the past forty years or so men from the temperate zone—white men from Europe and yellow men from China—have renewed the conflict which the Malay, who can fight his fellows with such reckless, light-hearted goodwill, has long ago abandoned as vain and hopeless. We have built roads and railways; we have "opened up the country" with mines and rubber plantations; we have erected buildings; and with some measure of contempt in our hearts we have watched the Malay reaping unambitiously his slow harvest, and taking so slack a share in the warfare we are waging with such apparent success. Even those of us who know him best—to our shame be it written—have overlooked the fact that his present attitude towards our energetic policy of development and exploitation is the direct result of the accumulated experience of his race; that his unerring instinct tells him that for all the fine seeming of our work, it is, after all, only another and a larger "raid" upon the unconquerable Jungle, and that at the long last the victory must be with the Jungle, as always the victory has been.

So slender an advantage in the matter of time is needed by the Malayan forest to enable it to regain its own. Here is an example. In June 1894 I camped with a small punitive force at a spot on the banks of the Tembeling river in Pahang, where a clearing some ten acres in extent, surrounded on three sides by heavy forest, had just been made ready for the seed. The trees which had stood on it had been felled and burned; the underwood had been completely removed; the yellow earth, everywhere visible, showed throughout no trace of vegetation. The men who had been working at it had fled at our approach, and were destined never to return. Chance caused me to revisit the spot in March 1895. The underwood, from the lip of the river to the wall of forest behind, stood at a height of some eight or nine feet, and was so dense that I and my men could only force our way through it to the ruins of our former huts by hacking a path with our wood-knives. The "raid," for the moment so successful in its complete annihilation of the forest, had failed. The Jungle had needed nine months only to regain all that it had lost, all that had been filched from it by the patient labor of men. This, which to me, even after a dozen years of life in Malayan forests, was at the time a new and startling revelation of the omnipotence of the Jungle, was to my Malays an experience of every day. The Jungle had conquered; always the Jungle has conquered; always will the Jungle conquer. What profits it, then, to war with the Jungle? So reasons the Malay, subconsciously no doubt, but drawing none the less certainly on

the accumulated knowledge and the slowly acquired experience of his race. Can you blame him if he stands aside, returning in kind our contempt and pity, and declines to spend his days and his energies in aiding the white and yellow men, *who do not know*, in the fruitless struggle, the final end of which is to him so proved and unalterable?

Here, then, is to be found the explanation of the apparent anomalies of the Malayan character to which I have above alluded. In his warfare with his fellowmen, with the beasts of the forest, even with the tremendous forces of the sea and of the cataracts of his rivers, the Malay, from generation to generation, has tasted the frequent delights of victory; but the Jungle, given the advantage of a modicum of time and opportunity, has beaten him always, and all along the line. The man who will squeal with delight in battle with his fellowman, with the tiger and the panther, with the waves and storms, or with the angry waters of a rapid, is cowed by the "unmanageableness" of the Jungle, recognizes in it his master, and against it will show no fight. It has beaten his fathers, and their fathers' fathers, time out of mind. The sure knowledge of its cruelty, of its ruthlessness,—the knowledge that it is eternally watchful, that it never allows an opportunity to escape it, that it is undefeated and undefeatable,—swift to destroy the stoutest handiwork of man, and to obliterate all traces of his labor, is born in the blood, bred in the bone of the Malay. He does not reason about it,—he *feels*: for his conviction has crystallized into an instinct. And, judged by the teachings of age-long human experience, his instinct is profoundly true. Therefore, in the presence of the Jungle, the Malay is feeble and afraid. He will put to sea alone in a cockle-boat in weather that would make a sailor shudder. He will volplane unaided, standing erect on a frail bamboo raft, down the crest of a rapid, at a pace which would make an airman giddy. But he will not willingly thread the most familiar jungle-path unless someone be found to bear him company. He is not concerned to conceal his weakness. It is to him the only rational attitude of mind. He will say quite frankly in explanation: *Tâkut—I am afraid.* The fear of the Jungle—the fear of the one enemy which never forgoes an advantage, and that always in the end has beaten him—is heavy upon his soul during all his days of life.

This, it seems to me, is the reason why the Malay, whose character in many relations of life is marked by astonishing energy, is what we call indolent or inert when invited to take part in the work of development upon which Europeans are set, all of which entails unremitting and sustained warfare with the Jungle.

And now, perhaps, I may be permitted to add a word concerning the book which has helped me to enlightenment,—the book and its author.

Mr. Woolf retired from the Civil Service in 1912, at the end of a long spell of leave, after spending some six years in Ceylon. For the first two-thirds of that period he was quartered at one or another of the provincial headquarter offices, fagging for more or less crusty seniors, and learning his trade in the grim old school, and under the rather heart-breaking conditions (as youngsters are apt to think them) that prevail in the great manufactories which Great Britain maintains in Asia. If he saw the Jungle at all at this time, it was with the tail of his eye, and over the tops of piles of minute-papers and dry returns, heaps of law-books, dictionaries and grammars of the vernacular languages, and bulky volumes of general orders

and regulations. In 1908, however, it fell to my lot as Colonial Secretary to select Mr. Woolf to fill a vacancy as Assistant Government Agent at Hambantota—the Kamburupitiya of his book,—a desolate district where no water is. I remember thinking that his delight and gratitude on that occasion were rather pathetic, although I sympathized with his feelings, as with those of the wraith of my own dead self of long ago. Then I nestled snugly back into my padded seat among the little island gods, to which, through many Jungles, I at last had won, and thought no more of the matter, beyond noting from time to time, as I read his journals and reports, that the selection had proved a success.

To-day I congratulate myself upon the choice I then made far more heartily than I was able, at the time, to congratulate Mr. Woolf upon his promotion: and how grateful he must have been to me,—for to the man in whose brain lay the germ of "The Village in the Jungle" I was affording that one priceless thing, which none may command at will—his opportunity.

How triumphantly Mr. Woolf has availed himself of it may be seen by any thoughtful reader who turns to the pages which two years spent in that arid jungle district of southern Ceylon have enabled him to write. In my opinion, "The Village in the Jungle" is at once the most faithful, the most true, and the most *understanding* presentment of Oriental peasant life that has ever been placed before Western readers by a European. Written with first-hand knowledge of the people and their surroundings, with real psychological insight and sympathy, this book not only gives a picture of village life in the less favored portions of Ceylon which is true in every detail, but it affords to the reader a convincing explanation of why it is as it is,—of why it could not conceivably be other than it is. As a novel it is of high interest, each character being clearly seen by its creator, and no less distinctly revealed to his readers. Even, therefore, to those who have no special attachment to, or knowledge of, the peoples of the East, it should prove sufficiently engrossing; but the real and supreme value of the book lies in the fact that Mr. Woolf has been able to see not only the life which was going on silently around him in the jungles of Hambantota, but the vast forces, invincible and immutable, which have fashioned during the ages the people of those jungles into the beings whom we to-day see, rule, yet so imperfectly understand.

Incidentally, as I have already remarked, this illuminating study of the effects of environment upon man in the tropics has afforded to me a solution of a problem often noted, but never till now satisfactorily explained. Wherefore, to "Maga," who has given me her hospitality so frequently for my analysis of Malayan character, and to those of her readers who have had the patience to skim my tales, I feel that I owe this full and frank confession, that I hitherto have missed an important factor in the problem. If, incidentally, this may result in a few readers studying "The Village in the Jungle," which they might otherwise have passed by, I shall be paying a debt which I feel is due by me to Mr. Woolf, and shall at the same time have helped to spread the knowledge of our fellow-subjects in the East which is to be acquired by the perusal of this very notable book.

Christiansborg Castle, The Gold Coast.

Blackwood's Magazine

THE NEW MATRON.

Upon a shady bench in the Bois de Boulogne, well in view of a driveway where smart carriages with liveried attendants went swiftly past, sat an old lady, alone. Her stately head with its bold profile was bent, as if in thought; her grey side curls drooped; her mitt-clad hands were clasped in her lap. Despite her venerable air, and her irreproachable attire of black silk, there was a dash of wildness in her look; her very quietness was full of the energy of arrested motion, and wore an air of expectancy, as if life's adventure were only begun. As a maple leaf, sere and yellow, floated to her shoulder and rested symbolically there, she thrust it impatiently aside.

"Get you away!" she said, shaking her fist in the face of the fading wood with a grim smile. "I'll think about dyin' when I get ready, and not before."

The brilliant old eyes, as they were lifted to the pageant before her, full of the gay colors and the odd outlines of the autumn styles, now sparkled with zest in watching, now searched beyond, scanning avenue and bypath, as if looking for a way of escape, and yet Mrs. Faunce had nothing to escape from, except her own charitable deeds. She had striven to do good and had done it; the misery of the successful philanthropist was hers. Never did the albatross hang with such heavy weight about the neck of the Ancient Mariner as did the "Orphanage of the Open Door" about that of Mrs. Faunce. By tireless efforts, by emptying her ample pockets so completely that she had at moments almost lacked the necessaries of life, by wheedling tourists of all nations, and by even entering again (for purposes of begging) the great social world upon which she had long since turned her back for the free life of the wanderer, she had succeeded in establishing a home where twenty orphan children were cared for.

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated Mrs. Faunce. "It seems good to be sittin' here with none of 'em on me lap."

There was not, in the whole city of Paris, any trustworthy person whom Mrs. Faunce wished to see installed as matron, and the weeks dragged slowly while she filled that arduous post in person. Cook and maids were satisfactory, but keeper of those little souls there was none, save herself, and she was going wild under the burden, though she loved them every one. They took her to task for the problems of the universe, her, who pleaded not guilty of the creation of the world and a knowledge of the purposes behind it. Little German Enchen had insisted that God did not make her. Madame had done it out of the dust of the earth, and her infant faith had been shaken when Madame repudiated the charge. Jeannot had fought Petit Pierre for insisting that God was not a lady, for Jeannot held in all reverence that God wore side curls. They said their prayers at her knee—that was well enough—lisping in unison,

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

She had taught them Herrick's pretty grace:

"Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee";

and it was a fine sight to see them standing by their chairs at the long white table and repeating this in concert. But the questions that they asked! If God was good, as she had assured them—the indomitable old face under the steady shadows of the withered leaves quivered—why had little English Mary's mother died when

her father was sick, and there was nobody to take care of either of them? Why, asked Petit Pierre, whose vagrant life with the organ-grinder had taught him much of the ways of man, if not of the ways of God, were animals caught and torn apart by steel traps? Once he had seen a rabbit that had pulled its leg off trying to get away. Cut to the core of her honest heart by explaining what she did not know—unable to tell these youngsters her grounds for a dim belief that, in the great game, the apparently losing game, of a spark of soul *versus* a boundless universe of triumphing matter, the soul was after all on the winning side—the old lady threw back her head with a little shake, a motion that a spirited horse might make in attempting to free his head from the check-rein.

"What they need about 'em when they're little is a grown-up baby-like themselves that can explain the whole thing to 'em from beginning to end, and believe all she says. They're too sharp for me."

Wanderlust tugged at her heart-strings in the sting of the autumn air, and she longed to be up and away. There was the Taj Mahal; she had never seen it, nor had she crossed the Himalayas. Ah, to fare forth again by land or sea, for she never could get over the feeling that the quest along the open road might some day lead to the great meaning of things! With equal longing she idly watched the faces that appeared before her and disappeared again, and she yearned for some new divine adventure wherein she might play helper to mankind; for she was an incorrigible and audacious knight-errant, and no amount of failure, no amount of success could stay her. Had she not once helped a young Russian revolutionist across the border and into safety by means of changing clothes with her? Had she not rescued two young English lovers from suicide upon the Breton coast? Had she not befriended in the Paris streets a young girl of angelic face who turned out to be a pickpocket and, smiling, robbed her benefactress? But what did it matter? They were part of herself, these suffering saints and suffering sinners. It was one of the compensations for growing old that the walls of self grew thinner and more thin, and all human laughter and human tears grew to be one's own.

From the vision of many passing faces, one presently detached itself. At a short distance another old lady, slight, dowdily dressed, was moving irresolutely to and fro, a quaintly pathetic little figure, wearing a homely village look in all this brilliant spectacle. Not without satisfaction Mrs. Faunce realized that the eyes of this silent, drifting creature were upon her, and she sat very still as the stranger drew timidly near, paused in hesitation, then, with a fluttering indrawn breath, settled like a frightened bird upon the edge of the bench.

"Bongjure?" faltered the new-comer, as if asking a question.

"Good afternoon!" responded the deep, rich voice of Mrs. Faunce.

"Oh!" cried the other in shrill delight. "I knew you wa'n't French!"

"Part of me is," muttered the old lady, "though me family is Irish on both sides." The stranger's face fell; evidently she thought this a damaging admission, despite the pride with which it was uttered, yet she sidled a little nearer on the bench.

"Good weather for gettin' in corn," she ventured.

"Now I'll warrant," said Mrs. Faunce, smiling, "that you came from the State of Maine?"

"Well, how did you ever know that?" responded the new-comer joyously. "You ain't an American, are you?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated Mrs.

Faunce piously, but the other did not hear.

"Mebbe you might be acquainted with the Gloverses or the Westons? I was born a Glover, but I'm Weston now."

Not with the Gloverses, nor with the Westons, Mrs. Faunce admitted, but she knew the type of woman before her, with her antiquated black velvet bonnet, cashmere dress, wherein the style of a generation ago wrestled with the present style, and neatly darned lisle gloves; and she could summon in imagination the proper background of white houses and elm trees. The outer look was so familiar, including the lined and worried face under the yellow-grey hair, that Mrs. Faunce jumped at the utterly unexpected question coming from the thin, wrinkled lips.

"You ain't got any daughters, have you? You look so kind of care-free."

The look of childish pathos in her face would have touched hearts harder than that of her listener, as she went on, without waiting for an answer.

"You don't mind my settin' here, do you? I'm kind of tired."

"Bless your heart, I'm glad enough to have somebody of me own age for company," responed the old Irish lady heartily.

Neither knew just how it happened, but, as the minutes slipped on, and the pleasant autumn sunshine warmed the yellowing grass, Mrs. Faunce found herself listening to the story that the other, unasked, faltered out, perhaps hardly knowing how much she told. "He" had been a maker of concrete for building purposes, he being her husband, John Henry Weston; and, in the later years of his life, had devised a formula which gave it unprecedented hardness and durability. This had led to establishing a branch of the business at Paris; two years ago he had died. His work was carried on by his partner, Robert Foster, who had married her elder daughter, Julie; and it was to relieve the young wife's loneliness that Mrs. Weston had come with her younger daughter to join the Paris household.

"We've been here now eighteen months," said the old lady, uncomplainingly, then added, after a significant pause: "'Tain't just like havin' your own home. There's a lot of real pleasure in havin' a home of your own."

"And whiles there's a lot in not havin' one," flashed Mrs. Faunce.

"I don't know as I ought to say anything about it," the stranger continued apologetically, "but it does seem good to have somebody to talk to. I'm glad you ain't young; I've got so I'm afraid of young folks."

The watching bird-like eyes of the old Irish lady filmed over and she laid her wrinkled hand on the smaller hand of the other woman. The story that was poured into her ears, so new and painful to the teller, so trite to her, with her intimate knowledge of French life, resolved itself into the old tale of the unobservant elderly husband, the audacious lover, and the reckless wife.

"There's a Frenchman that comes to the house too often, when Robert ain't there; he has to be away a good deal on business. Julie's real pretty, and she's innocent; she don't know the world the way I do, and she won't listen to a word I say about Mo'seer Blanc. Don't you think you ought to avoid the very appearance of evil?"

"Paris would cease to be if that came to pass," murmured Mrs. Faunce.

"There's somethin' wrong, somethin' troubling them," said Mrs. Weston, with deepening wrinkles between her brows. "I don't know as I told you he's got a friend that's payin' attention to my other daughter, Maude. That's all right, though I did think she was

as good as engaged to a young fellow at home when she came away. But it's all right payin' attention to a woman that ain't married; the thing that seems queer to me is the other one's payin' so much attention to a woman that's married."

A smile flickered across the face of Mrs. Faunce.

"It's a great responsibility," she suggested, "a knowledge of the world. What did you say this second man's name is?"

"Lamballe, Adolphe Lamballe. I don't quite like him, but maybe it's because I've never been used to men that use perfumery and wear jewelry. You don't know him?" she asked anxiously, watching the other's face.

"Lamballe and Blanc," mused Mrs. Faunce. "They're a well-known pair. Now this difficulty of which you speak, might it be connected with money?"

The stranger drew away and eyed her with admiration.

"Well, you do beat all for knowing things!" Yes, it had to do with money. M. Lamballe was, for the moment, in hard straits, owing to a business crisis that was no fault of his own, and he wished to borrow a large sum for a few days only. "I told Julie to ask her husband; it's for men folks to take care of women, and not for women to take care of men, but she wouldn't. Then I told her to tell him we couldn't raise no such sum." The next proposition was that she should permit them to use a great part of her stocks and bonds— "John left me quite consid'able property"—as security for a large loan which they wished to negotiate. They promised to give her papers back within two weeks, as they were simply to be used as collateral. MM. Lamballe and Blanc would give a satisfactory receipt for the papers when taken; it involved no risk, Julie said.

"But I wa'n't so sure," said Mrs. Weston, with a gleam of resolution in her pale-blue eye, "and I told 'em the papers shouldn't go. Then the' was great doin's! Julie had hysterics; it's somethin' she's caught here, for she never had 'em to home. Maude flew at me and told me that I was an unnatural mother, and that I wanted to see 'em dyin' of broken hearts."

"When did this happen?" asked Mrs. Faunce, aware that some deeper tragedy than mere money trouble lay under the hopeless sadness of the old face.

"This mornin'," was the answer. "It seems a long time ago, and I'm beginnin' to feel holler. You don't suppose there's a place anywhere round here where I could get a bite of somethin', maybe a bit of lemon pie? That's always tasty when you ain't feelin' well, and I ain't had any for eighteen months."

The old Irish lady hastily produced from under her silk wrap a little basket, which she hospitably opened.

"'Tis me luncheon that I had entirely forgotten, and sorry I am that it isn't lemon pie. You see, I ran away for the day; my household was too much for me."

"I'm beholden to you," said Mrs. Weston, a dainty roll in one hand, a bunch of grapes in the other. "Oh, the girls told me I mustn't say that." Then her voice sank to a whisper: "I've run away too!"

"There's a pair of us!" cried Mrs. Faunce; "here's to our good luck!" and she pressed upon her guest a tiny glass of red wine.

"I'm temperance," came the simple refusal. "I come from the State of Maine."

Food brought a slight flush to Mrs. Weston's cheek; she drew confidentially nearer her hostess, holding up a little black cloth bag heavy with papers.

"I had a hard time gettin' away.

You see, they found me puttin' my stocks and bonds into this."

"Sure, you never keep 'em in the house with you!" cried Mrs. Faunce, shocked at discovering in another her own reckless methods of financiering.

"Allus," was the answer. "I kep' 'em in the Bible. It's the Family Bible John and I used for twenty-five years. You see, the' was gaps in it where the leaves was gone. Julie, she had a bad temper, and once, when she was little, somethin' crossed her, and she tore out a whole handful of leaves from "Deuteronomy." Then Maude cut out some of the gospels to make paper dolls; I felt real bad about that. Well, I thought it was a good safe place, and when we came over here, I put my certificates and things into the gaps, and tied it up with a string. We haven't used the Bible what with my havin' a pocket Testament, and Julie never havin' family prayers. She says you just can't have 'em in a flat. I told her this mornin'," said the old lady mildly, "that if she'd read her Bible she'd have found out sooner where I kep' my papers."

"Hid treasures," murmured the listener. "How did she find out?"

"I was packin' 'em in here, thinkin' I'd have to go away somewhere by myself for a while, and she came in pretty sudden. First thing I knew, she yelled right out behind me; then she took a hold of the Bible, and I kep' a hold of it, and she pulled, and it come right in two. I felt real bad, for John and I had used it so long." The tears that she dried from her eyes were not all because of the torn Bible. "She, she threatened me; I don't like to tell you what she said, but I was afraid of her; for she was in one of her old tantrums, and she told me if I didn't care anything about my own flesh and blood I'd better go away and stay. Maude was there by that time, and she looked kind of ashamed, but she didn't say a word. You see, the girls took it hard that their pa left everything to me, but of course I was only keepin' it till they got old enough to take care of it. So I took what I had and come away; Julie had a lot in 'Epistles' and 'Revelation,' but I guess I've got enough to keep me. I s'pose they can sell the bonds; they ain't got any name on them."

"Look!" whispered Mrs. Faunce, suddenly.

A smart trap was driving past them; the two people in it, bending close together, saw no one else.

"Why, it's Mo'seer Lamballe!" cried the little old lady, fixing her eyes upon the woman at his side, whose painted face, bleached hair, and purple-velvet costume were eloquent.

"He kissed her!" said Mrs. Weston, indignantly, "and him payin' attention to Maude. What do you think of her?"

"I'd rather not say," answered Mrs. Faunce.

"She's real dressy," said the lady from Maine, regretfully, a mother's solicitude in her voice. "You think he means to marry this one?"

"I've no opinion in regard to that," answered Mrs. Faunce drily, "but from what I've heard, the establishment he has set up for her constitutes the business crisis you've been speakin' of."

A thin red blush mounted over the wrinkled cheeks of the little old lady to the roots of her yellow-grey hair as she slowly understood.

"Somebody must tell Maude," she faltered.

"I'll tell Maude," said Mrs. Faunce, rising, and standing at her full regal height, "and now, we've much to do, and we'd better be about it."

An empty cab, going Paris-ward, was hailed, and soon the two were rolling over one of the shaded driveways. As they passed a group of children

playing about their nurse, tenderness crept into Mrs. Weston's eyes, and transfigured her plain little face.

"Look!" she cried. "Ain't they too sweet! If they was mine I'd knit 'em some nice woolen stockings to cover their bare knees. You know, everything would have been different if Julie had had children, and now we are in this dreadful trouble. But God is good; He will help us out."

A sudden flash came into Mrs. Faunce's eyes, a gleam that shone there only when her genius was finding some way of remoulding the universe nearer her heart's desire. Here at last was the person for whom she had been long searching to mother the orphans of the Open Door!

"All my life I've wanted grandchildren terribly," the little old lady was murmuring. "When my own was little I was too busy to play with 'em or to take care of 'em. I just kep' lookin' at the Boston rocker, and thinkin' how I'd sit in it and rock my grandchildren when they come, but they didn't come."

Of the shadow and sunshine of that drive, the rumbling of wheels, the tramp of feet, the swift glimpse of the flamboyant Victory upon the Arc de Triomphe, Mrs. Faunce knew nothing. She heard only the long waves breaking on the Riviera shore, along the yellow sands, with the sweet insistent call of the south; while overhead, a flock of migrating birds, flying in long lines against the gray-blue sky, brought her a sudden free sense, as of wings at her shoulders.

"Where are we going now?" asked Mrs. Weston timidly.

"You said that your daughter's address was 15 Rue de Roland, didn't you?"

"Oh," shivered the mother, "ain't you afraid?"

A gay laugh was the only answer, as the carriage at last stopped before a substantial apartment house, in a wide and sunny street.

"I've always thought it would have been better if Julie had had a little house of her own," said Julie's mother, as she tremblingly alighted. "Lots of women has been saved by havin' a bay window that would let 'em look down the village street."

The flunkey who opened the door grinned impertinently when he saw Mrs. Weston, then covered his mouth with his hand and coughed apologetically as he caught sight of the majestic old Irish lady. With her head held erect, like that of a conquering general, she swept past him into the corridor.

"I say, the mistress gave orders that nobody was to be let in this afternoon. She's got something particular on hand."

But already a trumpet-toned voice was resounding through the apartment.

"Regan, Goneril! Come here!"

"Now whatever does the old party mean by that?" he muttered, wide-eyed with wonder, as he backed discreetly away from a situation that had passed beyond his hands. There was a rustle of silken skirts; from behind a heavy portière appeared a handsome, dark-haired woman, a rising flush of mingled fear and anger in her face. Even as she made her advance upon the salon, Mrs. Faunce noted the provincial emphasis on the extreme in the red and yellow house-gown, and in the huge coiffure of over-puffed hair.

"What has brought you here?" demanded the mistress of the house, shrilly. With her heavy scowling eyebrows she looked a formidable antagonist.

"We've come for the 'Book of Revelation' and your mother's securities, Regan," said Mrs. Faunce calmly. "'Tis the manner of the shopwoman," she added to herself, "and the back-

ground is in keeping." The salon, with its display of pink and scarlet satin, of tawdry lace and showy bric-à-brac might easily have offended taste less fastidious than that of the old Irish lady.

"You insolent thing!" gasped Julia Weston Foster; then, for the first time, she discovered her mother's little form, shrinking behind the folds of the portière, and she made a convulsvie effort at self-control.

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure, for bringing my mother back. She left us this morning against my will. She's not quite right here, you know," and the daughter tapped her forehead significantly.

"And you, Regan, I judge," said Mrs. Faunce, putting her hand upon her heart and bowing slightly, "are not quite right here."

The angry flush on the woman's face deepened to crimson, and she spoke in fury.

"So you have found out that she has money, and you are planning to rob her!"

"You must not judge others too much by yourself," said the old Irish lady, good-humoredly, "and I'm afraid we've caught you in the very act. Now, unless that half of your mother's Bible has already been given to M. Blanc, will you kindly produce it?"

"I don't know what you mean," stammered Julia.

"Oh yes, you do, Regan! And if here isn't Goneril!" A younger woman had appeared, fair-haired, weak, a curious repetition in large of the mother, with the sweetness left out of the face.

"Mother!" cried the elder daughter, in a frightened voice: "Where did you pick up this crazy woman?"

"She ain't crazy," said Mrs. Weston, stoutly. "I know about those names if you don't. They're in a play by William Shakespeare, that your Pa and I read together, about two daughters that took their father's property, and turned him out doors."

"I won't stay to listen to such talk!" cried the young matron. "Come, Maude!" and she somewhat roughly led her sister away. Mrs. Faunce's eyes were full of whimsical pity as she watched the lagging village walk, the mistaken elegance of their clothes, and she thought to herself that the two ought to be at home, taking ice-cream sodas with their rustic escorts, To what outside edge of Parisian life they had found their way, she wondered, too ignorant to detect the counterfeit?

At the door, Maude paused, some natural emotion struggling with the sullenness of her expression. Had it not been for the remorseless blue of her fantastically cut gown she would almost have been pretty.

"I'm sure we've tried to take good care of mother," she ventured to Mrs. Faunce.

"Stop, both of you," commanded that lady, with the manner of some ancient Irish queen. "Mrs. Foster, I give you five minutes in which to restore to her mother the property you took from her this morning. If you refuse, we must go with this story to your husband's office. You are expecting your lover; Mr. Foster must know that, too."

The high-heeled slippers of the woman tapped on the hard-wood floor.

"Will you do it?"

"I won't!" she cried, stamping.

"Then," announced the old lady, in the clear voice that had rung out in many a victory over cowardice, or trickery, or wrong-doing, "I will this afternoon lay before the police information in regard to M. Blanc which will take him back to the galleys, from which he escaped some four years ago, having been sentenced at Nimes, un-

der the name of Marton, to ten years' imprisonment for forgery."

Julie's face grew white.

"It isn't true," she muttered.

"She really loves him," said Mrs. Faunce to herself, taking out an antiquated gold watch, whose loud ticking could be heard throughout the room.

"*Five minutes,*" she repeated.

"How dare you?" blazed the young woman. "You couldn't know anything about a man of M. Blanc's rank. I believe you're a common highway robber."

"I'm not, me dear, though the situation might point to that. Shall we settle the dispute by telephoning to your husband? No? Then you must believe me. I happen to have heard the early history of your lover, from a fellow-rascal that just escaped being sent to prison with him. Richards he called himself, when he didn't call himself something else. And he did me a good turn with the Orphanage of the Open Door. *Four minutes!* Would you mind hurrying a bit?"

The feet of Julie Weston Foster dragged heavily away. A minute later, a whirlwind swept back through the portiéres, scattering leaves of "Revelaiton," together with thin, folded documents that fell this way and that. A torn book was hurled at Mrs. Faunce; she caught it and touched it reverently.

"You really shouldn't treat the Holy Scriptures that way," she said rebukingly. "I've heard that you began life by tearin' out the Ten Commandments. Don't do it! Somehow we need that leaf of the Bible if we have naught else."

"Now, Mrs. Weston, will you please sit down somewhere and see if your property is all here?"

"You do it!" she begged. "There's a list John made before he died."

"Goneril," said Mrs. Faunce, turning to Maude, "your mother has some information to give you about M. Lamballe. Meanwhile, I will verify the list," and, taking the bag from Mrs. Weston, she added its contents to those gathered from the floor, seated herself upon a brocaded, gilt-legged *fauteuil*, and began systematically checking off bond after bond.

"Twenty Pennsylvania Railroad bonds, ten Delaware and Hudson—Madam, your husband seems to have been a good investor."

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Julie Foster. At this moment of her fury Mrs. Faunce partly understood the fascination she had evidently exercised over M. Blanc.

"Ay, who the devil are we all?" said Mrs. Faunce, philosophically. "'Tis the question we all ask but never answer, for we do not know. All I can say is, I am one who has tried to be what I hope you will grow into, an honest woman. Check! They are all here. Now, will Miss Maude come with us?"

The girl had been talking with her mother, one of whose withered hands still clutched the bright-blue gown. She shook her head sullenly; her eyes were full of smarting tears, and she was evidently unable to speak.

"Come!" said Mrs. Faunce. "And now you two little girls, fresh from the country, that think you belong to the great world, just take a word of warning from me. You're only playin' with the whirlpool, that will draw you in and suck you down if you don't run away from it."

"But," faltered the mother, as the door had closed upon the awed and frightened faces of the daughters, "I've got to stay and take care of them."

Rich Irish laughter rang out through the bare and desolate halls.

"With that money of yours in the bank, there will be no trouble for the present from MM. Lamballe and

Blanc. This very day I cable to your daughter Maude's Maine young man, and we'll marry him to her the day he lands. He can help her now better than you can. There's nothin' the matter with your daughters, me dear, save ignorance; and I'll see that your son-in-law gets the message that will make him look after his wife a trifle better."

Tears were running down the wrinkled cheeks of the fugitive.

"They was such cute little girls," she said. "Julie's hair was yellow, too, when she was little."

Within half an hour, Mrs. Weston's little fortune was safely locked up in a safe-deposit box in one of the tourist banks that were open in the afternoon; her key and her bank-book were safe in her bag.

"Now there's no one on earth can touch what belongs to you," said Mrs. Faunce gaily, as the two came down the broad stone steps with the relief of their inmost hearts shining in their faces. A flower-girl was calling violets; the pungent odor of chrysanthemums came from a stand near by; the crisp air was full of that homeward call of hearth and settle that autumn twilights bring.

"You said I might go home with you to-night," ventured the fugitive.

"Indeed and you may. And I've just taken the liberty of telephoning your son-in-law at his office, askin' him to call on you there to-morrow."

"Have you any grandchildren?" asked Mrs. Weston wistfully, as they drove through the chilly streets to the Orphanage of the Open Door.

"Dozens of 'em," answered Mrs. Faunce, laughing; "twenty right here."

A misgiving came into Mrs. Weston's eyes; was this woman, after all, as Julie had said, crazy? Through the open front door, however, streamed reassuring light and warmth and color, and as they entered the air was all alive with children's laughter. A fat little German boy, fair-haired and sturdy, rushed upon Mrs. Faunce and clasped her about the knees in ardent embraces. Jeannot started to climb to her shoulder, and there was a sound of gathers ripping in the handsome black silk skirt; as she stooped to kiss Petit Pierre, the tallest of the lads, little English Mary climbed upon her back. The strange old lady watched the little flock in their clean linen dresses, with fresh faces shining above their white frills, and she held out her arms yearningly. There was a rush toward them; little Gabrielle, only two years old, won the place of honor and snuggled down in Mrs. Weston's neck.

"Would you want a finer family of grandchildren than this?" demanded Mrs. Faunce.

"They're lovely," said the other, her bonnet hanging rakishly over one ear. "Are they really your own?"

"They're me own because they're nobody else's, and I've collected 'em where I could find 'em. Who is there is not your own when they're in need?"

"I knew you was a good woman the minute I set eyes on you," said Mrs. Weston simply. "Would you let me help take care of them?"

"I'll let you take care of 'em altogether for a while, if you can be happy here," exclaimed Mrs. Faunce exultantly, taking a few waltz steps.

"Oh!" cried the other; the tenderness of the enfolding arms about little Gabrielle spoke for her. "But would I have to manage the help?"

"The help will manage itself, but you will have to answer the children's questions," chuckled Mrs. Faunce.

The front door still stood open; through it came sickening sounds of cruel blow after blow; a Paris cabdriver was beating his horse after the manner of his kind.

"Why doesn't God put a stop to it?" demanded Petit Pierre, fiercely. "He could if he wanted to, couldn't he?"

"You tell 'em!" cried Mrs. Faunce, dashing out of doors after the driver.

Later that evening, the ex-matron found the new-comer sitting on the edge of a tiny white bed in the boys' ward, and bending in rapture over two bowed heads.

"Hush!" she said imperatively, while little Paul lisped

"Effishidy before I wake."

"I'm so glad they can say 'em in English," she whispered, when they had finished and stood before her in their white night-gowns. "It never seemed to me as if God really could understand French."

As Mrs. Faunce went on to the other room to say good-night to Enchen and little English Mary and the others, she heard Jeannot's oft-repeated question as to whether God had side curls.

"Sh, sh, oh no!" came the shocked answer from the new grandmother's lips.

"Then he's got side whiskers," triumphantly asserted little Paul.

"Yes, I guess maybe he's got side whiskers," was the answer. "You see, God isn't a lady, God is a man."

Jeannot drew a deep sigh of relief, as if theological spectres were laid for ever.

"I asked Grandma Faunce the other day, and she didn't know," he said reproachfully.

Mrs. Faunce clasped her hands together with delight; she had found the right person at last! She went hastily upstairs, and sat down at her desk, carefully examining certain documents that gave information about steamers leaving Marseilles for Egypt.

"I'll start for the Sphinx to-morrow," she announced with a gleam in her eye. Then she wrote a letter to America, ordering a Boston rocker to be shipped to No. 41, Rue de Vannes, Paris.

Margaret Sherwood.

The Cornhill Magazine.

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

There are tragedies of success as well as of failure, and although tragedy does not enter into the career of George Wyndham there is a tinge of pathos which might in some lights seem tragic in the brilliant life and sudden death of this spoiled child of fortune. Under our grey skies and in our sombre intellectual world, with his romance and his beauty, his florid and magnificent rhetoric, his fine writing, his brilliant and daring wit, he appeared almost as an exotic from some warmer intellectual clime, where a sense of ornament in thought and language is more naïve and unashamed than it is with us. He was born to be successful, to do things easily, to experience the best and achieve the highest as a matter of course. The top of the tree was his natural home; and there, like some gaily-plumaged bird in a tropical forest, he swung easily to the breeze among sunshine and color. But let some accident happen to such a one so that he fall from his natural seat, and must, if he would regain it, toil painfully upward again, all the heart and the life seem to go out of him, and he lacks the wings to soar. To change the simile, Wyndham was like a highly-geared motor-car that would flash and fly along the levels, but could not with grinding and laboring pinions climb a steep hill. The genius of his energy was for being rather than for striving.

He was descended from Lord Ed-

ward Fitzgerald and the famous lady who is said to have been the daughter of Madame de Genlis and Philippe Egalité. The racial admixture of French and Irish is almost always productive of fine qualities of brain; and these, steadied and solidified through two generations of English aristocracy, blossomed in George Wyndham into that combination of grace and ability, poetry, imagination, and scholarship in life which is always irresistible when it is allied with wealth and position. He ran rapidly through the gamut of Eton and Sandhurst and active service in Suakim in the Coldstream Guards, and emerged, at the age of twenty-four, into the world of politics which was still in 1887 the great world, the great opportunity for a man of his capacity. He worked under Arthur Balfour in Ireland, and thus served his apprenticeship in the best school—the school of which he was one of the last representatives and to which he remained consistently loyal. Few men would now dare to use the kind of florid and magnificent rhetoric which was characteristic of George Wyndham's highest flights. Read in cold print such rhetoric appears so exaggerated as to border on the absurd; the eye and the ear must also surrender themselves to the charm of personality if it is to make its full effect. But he was more than an orator. He was a creative and inspiring influence in the inner councils of his party. He was destined, had his character been as solid as his abilities were brilliant, to be the true successor, and lineal continuation of Arthur Balfour in our public life. As Under-Secretary for War in the difficult time of the Boer war he showed that he could not only represent a great department in Parliament, but also administer it with as much success as the exigencies of the situation and the condition in which he took it over permitted; and his speech in the Debate on the Address in 1900, when things were going wrong in South Africa, will long be remembered for its brilliancy and firmness, and the strength and courage of its defence. In Ireland, when he went there as Chief Secretary in 1900, he did even better. The difficulty of his post was an inspiration to him, and in the years of his administration he rose to fulfilment of the best that was in him. A kind of fundamental generosity and benevolence, which was not very obvious to those who only knew him superficially, set him to work on the scheme which he believed would most practically benefit the people of Ireland; and the result was the Land Purchase Act, which was not only the finest achievement of his political life, but one of the most statesmanlike measures passed by any political party since Mr. Chamberlain's Compensation Act. It was impossible to be in Ireland in those days and not to feel that there was a delightful "go" about public life there. Sir Horace Plunkett's work in the Department of Agriculture had come to its fruition, the Gaelic League was at the height of its vogue, and there was throughout the country an intellectual activity, a feeling of optimism, the fruits of which remain to this day. On all this Wyndham shone like a sun; through all this time he worked with an almost feverish activity, like one who feels that the time is short; yet it is certain that the idea of failure was the thing most remote from his mind. He spoke quite confidently to his intimates of the time when he should be Prime Minister; and it seemed as though nothing could stand in his way. But little as he knew it, on the day that he brought Sir Antony MacDonnell to Dublin Castle he had sealed his own political fate. It was regarded as a daring and brilliant stroke, and so it was; but it was fatal. The history of his conferences

with Sir Antony and Lord Dunraven will probably never be recorded; but it is quite certain that out of them might have grown the really ideal solution of the Irish difficulty. Wyndham reckoned, however, without the political machine, and his conspiracy for perfection, being suddenly discovered, appeared, in the usual public treatment of such things, a sordid intrigue, a threatening of the integrity of his party. Like passionate letters read out in the Divorce Court, all the fine aspirations and ideals of his dream lay soiled in the dust of political controversy. He had worn himself out, and used up his energy, and had none left with which to fight injustice and misunderstanding. He made no complaint, acted like a good soldier with loyalty and submission to his leader—and disappeared forever from the forefront of the battle. So that we do not greatly exaggerate when we write of the "tragedy of success."

A good deal has been written about George Wyndham as a man of letters; and it is true that if he had made literature his career he might have brilliantly adorned it. "Might," we say, because it is seldom that anyone who lives as vividly as he did can preserve much to put into literature. A man must either write greatly or live greatly: he can seldom do both. If you live a thing you do not write it; if you write it, you do not need to live it. His actual achievements in literature are scarcely more than the charming recreations of an accomplished dilettante. He liked to show that he could do everything. In many things he was as simply and engagingly vain as a child. He knew so well how everything ought to be done, and he had such a perfect instinct for style, that he felt he could do everything; and he often used to say "If I could have given my time to poetry"—or soldiering, or forestry, or editing, or socialism, as the case might be—"what a poet, soldier, forester, editor, or socialist I should have been!" His talk when he was inspired or stimulated was the most remarkably rapid play of invention and fantasy, always charmingly addressed to the listener as to an intellectual or sympathetic equal, who would receive his ideas in shorthand, as it were, without having them elaborately developed. Such talk could not always be profound or even wise; but it was always dazzling. And always when one was with him there was the sense that things were happening, that one was in the very centre of what was happening, that one was at the top, so to speak, and that everything that happened was happening in the world beneath. Such persistent brilliancy is apt sometimes to be a little frothy, and is far from being an unmixed blessing to any man. In his case one could only say that it was irresistible, and fall gladly beneath his spell. But there was a deeper side to George Wyndham than those who were only dazzled by him would ever know—a generosity and kindness, a fine quality of soul, an essential benevolence, a desire to achieve that which would really benefit the poorer and more sorrowful of mankind—such qualities, in fact, as go to the making, and will remain as typical of, a great gentleman. We are reminded in taking leave of him of the character outlined in Meredith's sonnet "To a Friend Lost."

"When I remember, friend, whom lost I call
Because a man beloved is taken hence,
The tender humor and the fire of sense
In your good eyes; how full of heart for all,
But chiefly for the weaker by the wall,
You bore that lamp of sane benevolence,
Then see I round you Death his shadows dense

Divide, and at your feet his emblems fall.
O surely are you one with the white host,
Spirits whose memory is our vital air,
Through the great love of Earth they had, lo! these,
Like beams that throw the path on tossing seas,
Can bid us feel we keep them in the ghost,
Partakers of a strife they joyed to share."

The Saturday Review.

ANOTHER ANGLO-AMERICAN FIASCO?

Sir Edward Grey has the valor not of ignorance, but of an incorrigible optimism. It is the price that he and every man has to pay at times for the possession of ardent ideals. One of Sir Edward Grey's ideals—he gave fine and memorable expression to it in a speech in the House of Commons in March, 1911—is the conclusion of an effective Treaty of Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. I do not quarrel with that Ideal, though I believe it to be superfluous, and I know it to be unattainable. But I do quarrel with Sir Edward for striving after it just now in public, and with an unfortunate precipitancy.

At the banquet given in honor of the new American Ambassador recently, the Foreign Secretary said: "I should like to assure Mr. Page that if—as I suppose will be the case seeing that his Government has taken an initiative of its own in the matter—if he comes to us with proposals arising from the desire of his Government to find some way of making more remote the appeal to blind force between nations, he will find in this country, and from the British Government, a ready response."

That of course is more than an invitation; it is a direct incitement to Mr. Bryan and to every British and American sentimentalist to proceed to engineer another Anglo-American fiasco. As one who sets a value that can scarcely be exaggerated upon good will between the British and American Governments and peoples, I should have thought we had had enough of these diplomatic breakdowns, and that even Downing Street by now had been convinced of the impossibility of concluding any Arbitration Treaty with the United States that is worth the paper it is written on.

Three attempts have been made in the past sixteen years, and every one of them has miscarried. The Olney-Pauncefote Treaty of 1897 was rejected by the United States Senate outright; the Hay-Lansdowne Treaty of 1904 was gutted by amendments; and the Knox-Bryce compact of 1911 was done to death in an equally decisive fashion. Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft have each done what they could to overcome the permanent and, in my belief, the insuperable obstacle to any and every Treaty of Arbitration worth having between Great Britain, or any other country, and the United States; and each has hopelessly failed.

If President Wilson is now smitten with the same, or a similar, ambition, he will, I hope, be politely referred to the experience of his predecessors before we agree to countenance and assist his vain endeavor. With their record in the matter we might well, as it seems to me, rest resignedly acquiescent. Certainly no Englishman can wish to have his country and Government again occupying the ludicrous

position in which they found themselves last year, when the Senate killed the Treaty that had been negotiated by Mr. Knox and Mr. Bryce.

Just recall some of the incidents of that famous farce. President Taft towards the end of 1910 threw out some unofficial suggestions for an unlimited and automatic Arbitration Treaty. There is some reason to think that he never meant them to be treated as specific proposals, and that his hand was forced by the unlooked-for effusiveness of Sir Edward Grey's response. "I suppose I must go on with it now," was the remark attributed to him when our Foreign Secretary insisted on taking his utterance as the basis for formal negotiations.

Well, he went on with it, and so did we. Great Britain, indeed, was stirred almost to delirium. The ideal which Mr. Taft was understood to have outlined was championed in innumerable leading articles, was applauded from every platform, was preached on in churches of all denominations. The Opposition ranged themselves at once with the Government in their desire to give effect to it. The Prime Minister spoke of it as "a step immeasurable in extent, incomparable in significance, in the onward progress of humanity"; and a great meeting attended by the leaders of both parties and of all sects assembled in the Mansion House to acclaim it.

Sir Edward Grey soon afterwards pointed out amid enthusiastic cheers that any such Treaty as was contemplated necessarily carried with it British acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine; and that everything might be done to clear the path, we actually inserted in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance a clause making it inoperative in the case of any Power with which London or Tokyo had concluded a general Treaty of Arbitration.

I was in the United States at the time, and well remember with what sardonic amusement and amazement the "man in the cars" watched our transports and demonstrations; how coolly and with what an entire absence of gush the whole scheme was taken by American opinion; how the Irish-Americans and the German-Americans rallied in force against it and succeeded in turning various peace meetings in New York into miniature riots; and with what scientific precision the Senate set about their foreseen, predicted, and inevitable mission of smashing the unhappy Treaty to pieces—just as they will smash any Treaty to pieces that interferes in any way with their final control of foreign affairs.

And that was only a year ago. Yet here is Sir Edward Grey indefatigable, undismayed, and with a more than Christian forgiveness or forgetfulness, spurring on the two nations to engage in another furious wrangle over their friendship and their devotion to peace and to each other. So I suppose we must work up steam again and hold more meetings at the Mansion House, and humor Mr. Bryan, and cheerfully negotiate another instrument for the Senate to emasculate at its pleasure.

Yet it seems an odd moment to be indulging in any such antics. For one thing, the Arbitration Treaty that was concluded in 1908 between Great Britain and the United States has just expired. It is about as limited as any Treaty of the kind can be that is to retain even a spark of vitality. It is confined to differences of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of existing Treaties. Yet, restricted as it is, the Senate is at this moment hesitating to renew it; and it is hesitating because it fears that its renewal might involve the submission of the Panama Canal question to arbitration. It is mere cynicism to suggest that Mr. Bryan might well take steps to secure

the extension and observance of existing agreements before proposing to negotiate new ones?

The new agreements which the American Secretary of State is understood to be contemplating bind the contracting parties, in the event of an otherwise insoluble dispute, not to have recourse to arms until the International Commission of Inquiry, established by the last Hague Convention, and acting on its own initiative, has investigated and reported upon the question at issue. The idea is that the Commission will take at least six months to hear both sides and prepare its report, and that in the interval opinion will have cooled and reason have reasserted itself.

With what authority, one may ask, does Mr. Bryan, whose quality as a statesman was long ago assessed, put forward such a proposal? With what authority does it come from the United States—a Power remote from the imminent contentions of Europe, and a mere looker-on at the game of Weltpolitik? Do Great Britain and America stand in the slightest need of any such cement to bind them closer together? And what, finally, are the chances that the Senate will ratify any such agreements without profound and devitalizing modifications? I gravely fear that Sir Edward Grey is heading straight for another Anglo-American fiasco.

Sydney Brooks.

The Outlook.

HOME RULE—WAR OR PEACE?

Two voices were there on the Unionist side in the debate upon the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill. One was a very loud and raucous voice. It thundered threats of civil war through the speeches of Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Long, and Lord Charles Beresford. The other was a still, small voice, which came at the close of the debate, at the very end of Mr. Bonar Law's speech. Mr. Bonar Law, too, had given us something of the whirlwind and the fire. But it was not the whirlwind and the fire that spoke the truth and delivered the message, but the still, small voice that came after them. And this still, small voice we seem to hear in Mr. Bonar Law's concluding sentences. If Mr. Redmond could persuade him that what he proposes is "not utterly detested by one-third of the people of Ireland, in that case we should all rejoice. . . . . If you can bring in a Bill that is just and possible . . . . we will welcome it." There, surely, spoke the saner mind of the Unionist Party.

As to civil war, only one thing need be said here. This talk of force—whether it is bluff or whether it is earnest—is a game that two can play at, and that both can lose at. This is a time when, under certain aspects, the social question has become more acute than it has been since the days of the Hungry 'Forties. Never before were such large masses of organized men more rebellious against the conditions under which they live. Is the Conservative Party—the party of law and order the party which stands to lose by the destruction of property and the disappearance of respect for Government—going to teach these masses of men, by precept and by example, the lesson that it is not necessary to bow to constituted authority, as represented by King, Parliament, and Courts of Law? If it elects so to do, it may be sure that the masses will apply the lesson for their own benefit. They also are organized, and it is possible for them also to drill, in the first place, for bluff, and, in the last resort, conceivably,

with as serious intentions as those which animate Ulster. Short of drilling, short of threats of civil war, it is possible for them to use tactics of violence, and to make every labor dispute the excuse for a commotion. For generations, responsible leaders and all advisers of organized labor have combined to dissuade them from any such course. "Conquer the ballot" they have said. "Obtain the ultimate control of Parliament. Secure for yourselves that the law be just. Seek your aims through law, but not over or against law." They have urged these counsels in the interests of the working classes, in the interests of the community and of civilization. How can the counsellors of working men continue to urge this advice with any prospect of success, or even with the internal feeling of sincerity, when the sanctity of law and order is overthrown by those whose one claim to their position in the community is that they are the supports of ordered authority? We trust it is not too late for the Unionist Party to reflect on considerations of this kind, and to ask themselves seriously to what issue they are leading England—we will not say by the deeds which they contemplate, but by the threats of which they make use for purposes of impressing public opinion.

We pass to the more fruitful side of the debate. Under the Parliament Act, no amendments can be included in the Bill, but suggestions may be made which, if adopted by both sides, can ultimately become law. Is it possible at this stage to make any suggestions which would mitigate the hostility of Ulster, or, at any rate, remove the last possibility of substantial injustice to the minority in the four Unionist counties? Every Liberal speaker, we think, and Mr. Redmond himself, showed keenness to discover a practical line of approach to a peaceful settlement; but, at present, every such line appears to be barred by the resolute determination of Ulster itself. Ulster has no proposals to make. It does not claim to be a nation. It does not ask to be separate from the rest of Ireland. It does not ask to remain united with England and Scotland. It does not ask to be an independent community. It will look at no guarantees. Its attitude is that of a sheer, simple refusal to consider any alternative to the existing situation.

Now, that is not permanently a possible position. Considering the hopes that have been raised in Ireland as a whole, considering the stage to which the present Bill has been carried, and all that has been said upon the Unionist side three years ago—and even, for that matter, during the recent course of the discussion—it is clear that, even if the Liberal Party should be defeated before Home Rule has come into active being, the Unionists themselves would have to construct some scheme of self-government, which they might call by another name, but which would have to concede a large measure of the Irish demand for recognition as a nationality. It is the perception of this truth, we think, which underlies that tentative effort towards conciliation which we have found at the close of Mr. Bonar Law's defiances and denunciations. And this is the cardinal fact with which Ulster, if she retains any wisdom, must reckon. She may count upon a Liberal defeat, but that will not save her. Home Rule can now be said, with some confidence, to be coming, whether through this Bill and the present Government, or through another Bill and the next Government.

But, in the meantime, is it possible at this moment to make any attempt towards conciliation? When Ulster has learnt wisdom, her spokesman will perhaps indicate the lines upon which

she can be approached. Almost any advance consistent with a real admission of Irish nationality might then be made to her, with the goodwill, not only of Mr. Asquith, but also of Mr. Redmond. Doubtless there would be in Ireland a very strong dislike to anything that should actually separate the four Protestant counties from the rest of the country. But even such a concession might appear to the eye of statesmanship worth tendering for the sake of an assured settlement. Unfortunately, at this moment, there is not the smallest evidence that any such proposal would contribute a single mite to the easement of the situation. Ulster presents a blank wall, behind which she laughs or frowns at every offer of peace. The Unionist Party, except in those sane moments of which Mr. Law gave us an example, backs her up, and cheers her threats of force. As long as this position continues, we do not see how the Liberal Party could profitably make advances. Whatever it offers will be used against it. Next year, when the reality has come a little closer, the mood of men may be different, and the opportunity of statesmanship may come. We trust that it will be so. The object of British Liberals is to hold the balance fairly between the two sides in this controversy. So holding it, they cannot overlook the fact that Nationalism represents the great majority of Irishmen; nor do they forget that the four Protestant counties have their claim, as a minority, to protection. If this minority would state its claim, it would be our duty to consider it. The difficulty at present is that it will state no claim except one which implies that it is Ireland, and that is founded upon so complete a distortion of fact that it can only be ignored.

The Nation.

MR. PUNCH'S DIDACTIC NOVELS.

(The First, and probably the Last.)

[In humble imitation of Mr. *Eustace Miles's* serial in *Healthward Ho!* (Help!), and in furtherance of the great princip[l] of self-culture.]

THE MYSTERY OF GORDON SQUARE.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Roger Dangerfield, the famous barrister, is passing through Gordon Square one December night when he suddenly comes across the dead body of a man of about forty years. To his horror he recognizes it to be that of his friend, Sir Eustace Butt, M. P., who has been stabbed in seven places. Much perturbed by the incident, Roger goes home and decides to lead a new life. Hitherto he had been notorious in the London clubs for his luxurious habits, but now he rises at 7.30 every morning and breathes evenly through the nose for five minutes before dressing.

After three weeks of the breathing exercise, Roger adds a few simple lunges to his morning drill. Detective Inspector Frenchard tells him that he has a clue to the death of Sir Eustace, but that the murderer is still at large. Roger sells his London house and takes a cottage in the country, where he practises the simple life. He is now lunging ten times to the right, ten times to the left and ten times backwards every morning, besides breathing lightly through the nose during his bath.

One day he meets a Yogi, who tells

him that if he desires to track the murderer down he must learn concentration. He suggests that Roger should start by concentrating on the word "wardrobe," and then leaves this story and goes back to India. Roger sells his house in the country and comes back to town, where he concentrates for half-an-hour daily on the word "wardrobe"; besides, of course, persevering with his breathing and lunging exercises. After a heavy morning's drill he is passing through Gordon Square when he comes across the body of his old friend, Sir Joshua Tubbs, M. P., who has been stabbed nine times. Roger returns home quickly, and decides to practise breathing through the ears.

CHAPTER XCI.

Preparation.

The appalling death of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M. P., following so closely upon that of Sir Eustace Butt, M. P., meant the beginning of a new life for Roger. His morning drill now took the following form:—

On rising at 7.30 A. M. he sipped a glass of distilled water, at the same time concentrating on the word "wardrobe." This lasted for ten minutes, after which he stood before the open window for five minutes, breathing alternately through the right ear and the left. A vigorous series of lunges followed, together with the simple kicking exercises detailed in Chapter LIV.

These over, there was a brief interval of rest, during which our hero, breathing heavily through the back of his neck, concentrated on the word "dough-nut." Refreshed by the mental discipline, he rose and stood lightly on the ball of his left foot, at the same time massaging himself vigorously between the shoulders with his right. After five minutes of this he would rest again, lying motionless except for a circular movement of the ears. A cold bath, a brisk rub down and another glass of distilled water, completed the morning training.

But it is time we got on with the story. The murder of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M. P., had sent a thrill of horror through England, and hundreds of people wrote indignant letters to the Press, blaming the police for their neglect to discover the assassin. Detective-Inspector Frenchard, however, was hard at work, and he was inspired by the knowledge that he could always rely upon the assistance of Roger Dangerfield, the famous barrister, who had sworn to track the murderer down.

To prepare himself for the forthcoming struggle Roger decided, one sunny day in June, to give up the meat diet upon which he had relied so long, and to devote himself entirely to a vegetable *régime*. With that thoroughness which was now becoming a characteristic of him, he left London and returned to the country, with the intention of making a study of food values.

CHAPTER XCII.

Love Comes In.

It was a beautiful day in July, and the country was looking its best. Roger rose at 7.30 A. M. and performed those gentle, health-giving exercises which have already been described in previous chapters. On this glorious morning, however, he added a simple exercise for the elbows to his customary ones, and went down to his breakfast as hungry as the proverbial hunter. A substantial meal of five dried beans and a stewed nut awaited him in the fine oak-panelled library; and, as he did ample justice to the banquet, his thoughts went back to the terrible days when he lived the luxurious meat-eating life of the ordinary man-about-town; to the evening when he discovered the body of Sir Eustace Butt, M. P., and swore to bring the assassin to vengence; to the day when—

Suddenly he realized that his thoughts were wandering. With iron will he controlled them and concentrated fixedly on the word "doughnut" for twelve minutes. Greatly refreshed he rose and strode out into the sun.

At the door of his cottage a girl was standing. She was extremely beautiful, and Roger's heart would have jumped if he had not had that organ (thanks to Twisting Exercise 23) under perfect control.

"Is this the way to Denfield?" she asked.

"Straight on," said Roger.

He returned to his cottage, breathing heavily through his ears.

CHAPTER XCIII.

Another Surprise.

Six months went by, and the murderer of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M. P., and Sir Eustace Butt, M. P., still remained at large. Roger had sold his cottage in the country and was now in London, performing his exercises with regularity, concentrating daily upon the words "wardrobe," "dough-nut," and "wasp," and living entirely upon proteids.

One day he had the idea that he would start a restaurant in the East-End for the sale of meatless foods. This would bring him in touch with the lower classes, among whom he expected to find the assassin of his two oldest friends.

In less than a year the shop was a tremendous success. In spite of this, however, Roger did not neglect his exercises; taking particular care to keep the toes well turned in when lunging ten times backwards. (*Exercise* 17.) Once, to his joy, the girl whom he had first met outside his country cottage came in and had her simple lunch of Smilopat (ninepence the dab) at his shop. That evening he lunged twelve times to the right instead of ten.

One day business had taken Roger to the West-End. As he was returning home at midnight through Gordon Square, he suddenly stopped and staggered back.

A body lay on the ground before him!

Hastily turning it over upon its face, Roger gave a cry of horror.

It was Detective-Inspector Frenchard! Stabbed in eleven places!

Roger hurried madly home, and devised an entirely new set of exercises for his morning drill. A full description of these, however, must be reserved for another chapter.

A. A. M.

Punch.

(*To be continued—elsewhere.*)

MORAL INTOXICANTS.

A learned judge said of Mr. Gladstone that he was often "the worse" for flattery. It is an intoxicant against which few heads are proof. The true cynic and the truly modest man alone remain sober, however strong the dose. Such men are few. Of course, there are plenty of people who believe themselves immune from its effects. Most of them have never tasted it, and some have not known when they were drunk. They and they only laugh with real ill-nature and without a thought of sympathy when they meet a friend who is palpably "the worse" for the heady stuff which he has taken in. But however ridiculous a man may be when he has had too much flattery, it is certain that a vast number of men are the better for a little. The conscious flatterer is the sycophant—a hateful and despicable per-

son; but the best flattery, the flattery which stimulates most and intoxicates quickest, is given unconsciously. The flattery of the crowd is never intentional, but it is tremendously powerful. It would be interesting to know how many successes and how many failures in the life of any given great man were due to it. Without doubt it strengthens to action; without doubt it is liable to unsteady the reason. Dutch courage, however, may be as good as any other courage at a pinch. For all that, courage is always lost by the drunkard in the end.

Thousands of ordinary men who suffer agonies of self-distrust are saved from actually succumbing to this defect by the flattery of their wives. Perhaps it is wrong to call such a thing flattery, but it is difficult to call unreasoning and undeserved praise by any other name, whether that praise be constantly spoken or constantly suggested. Children, while they can be brutally truthful, are also unconscious adepts at flattery. The kind speech of a child will often elate the hearer to the pitch of hilarity. All day he or she goes under the influence of a delicious stimulant, well knowing, very likely, that the words though sincere are untrue, yet buoyed up by an unreasonable conviction that love is a greater thing than truth. Perhaps the only occasion when conscious flattery may be excused is when it is deliberately made use of by mature men and women who are trying to strengthen some young person whom they see to be in need of a moral or mental fillip. It is often very much more efficacious than censure, and has less serious after-effects, besides the fact that it does not endanger affection. Some otherwise worthy persons make use of a little flattery as an antidote to be offered to those who suffer habitually from the worse intoxication of unreasonable anger. Put down in black and white, the expedient seems rather despicable. The explanation of most small sins can only be adequately studied under temptation. One thing may be said for certain: those people who have never in their lives felt the temptation to flatter, who have never longed to give pleasure or soothe pain, obtain regard or excite high spirits, by a few words of friendly exaggeration, are unlovable people—as inhuman as those whose cheeks have never glowed from the generous draught.

The result of a moderate amount of flattery upon the ordinary man is to increase his faith in himself. The danger is lest it should increase that faith to credulity, or even to fanaticism. When a man begins to boast it is a pretty sure sign he has had too much flattery. It is a mere question of manners whether or no we openly and aggressively over-value our possessions, but for a man blatantly to over-value his opinions and recount the occasions of his verbal success is as a rule a question of his metaphorical sobriety. There are, one must admit, certain persons who would seem to be born drunk. They are always full of themselves, and the stranger who is not familiar with their habitual condition imagines them to be full of new wine, the new wine of flattery. As a rule, however, states of blatant self-sufficiency are short-lived, and go off with a headache. Intoxication by flattery does not, we hasten to add, exhibit the same symptoms in all cases. In some it engenders a silent and happy superiority, a blissful state which only the very critical would grudge, but which is nevertheless a dangerous state, one in which any man may fear to take an important step.

It is, we think, true to say that women have better heads for flattery than men. On the other hand, flattery is not offered to them in so many

kinds. Ordinary women are subjected to flattery only while they are young. They are flattered for their beauty or their charm. The effect of the intoxicant upon them is like the effect of champagne—it is soon gone. Very few women are flattered on the score of their abilities—partly perhaps because they flatter themselves unduly upon them. An able woman is not generally very much admired on the score of her talent either by her own or by the opposite sex. Marked intellectual or artistic talent is not so very common among women. George Eliot, it is true, was said to be habitually "the worse" for flattery. Miss Austen received less, and it certainly had no effect upon her head. The whole acting profession seems to outsiders to live in a chronic state of unnatural exhilaration due to flattery. The luxury of the ordinary world is the necessity of "the profession." It is impossible to say what they would be like without flattery. An actor or an actress suffering from what is vulgarly called "the want of it" is, we understand, a very depressing sight.

Flattery, when all is said, is not more of an intoxicant than money, though more people are able to withstand its effects. We do not need to be millionaires in order to feel its heady influence. There are temperaments to whom economy is impossible. They may be scrupulously honest, but when they are flush of money they must spend it. Occasionally the effect of an influx of money, even though the amount be small, is perceptible in its effects upon the whole man. The workman when he gets his wages is not exactly the same man he was the day before, even though he be a teetotaler. One often hears it said—it is a most unjust generalization—that extravagant people are mean. No doubt selfish people are not made unselfish by money, but it would be more true to say that some people's generosity is but a manifestation of their natural extravagance. Money goes to their heads; they cannot keep it, and lest they spend it on themselves they give it away. It is easier far for a man of the spending temperament to force himself to generosity, and so reconcile his financial insobriety to his conscience, than to force himself to money moderation. This is especially true of those who make money easily or who make it with trouble and pain out of nothing. However vain a writer may be, he seldom altogether loses the sense of pleasant surprise which comes over him when he first gets golden money in exchange for his ink and paper. They are more susceptible to the exciting influence of money than those who make it by merchandise or come into it by inheritance. There is a great joy, however reprehensible the moralist may consider the sentiment, in money intoxication. We do not know if millionaires ever feel it to the full. We feel pretty sure that men of solid fortune seldom do. They get less acute delight out of money than anyone. A very little money serves to get delightfully drunk on, if such a rough word may be used even in a metaphor to express the exhilaration which comes of the knowledge that one has something to spend—some money, we mean, which is not a mere token representing bread or bills. Who will say that life is not worth having while he can eat with an appetite, buy, even on the smallest scale, without calculation, and give to please, not to relieve?

Oddly enough, work acts as an intoxicant on some temperaments. Some men are enamoured of their work. They become obsessed and excited by it. We know they have been overworking not because they look dull

or tired, but because they are unnaturally energetic and bright. We see that they have had too much of some stimulant, but they do not know it themselves. A short life and a busy one is their motto. Length of days is perhaps not the greatest of their sacrifices. No leisure means no friends. Leisure would seem at times to have intoxicating qualities. We are told in our youth that those who will not or need not work become dull and devitalized. Our instructors compare such persons to cabbages. Many of us believe this wholesome teaching all our lives, and pass it on to our children. But when we come to look at our own experience, does it carry out this generally accepted theory? Too much leisure may, it is true, impair the powers, but we would maintain that it very seldom dulls the mind, no matter from what class we draw our leisured man. We doubt if a talkative tramp would prove worse company than his hard-working brother. Work, we do believe, improves the judgment and develops many valuable qualities, but it is not as necessary either to brain or character as is commonly supposed. When leisure intoxicates, the fancy runs riot —the emotions prevail against the reason—and the sense of proportion disappears. "Fullness of bread and abundance of idleness" is still the largest cause of folly. Many men, however, can stand a very great deal of leisure without apparent detriment to their mental or moral health, especially when they get used to it. The same thing is true of flattery. Unfortunately no man is a judge of his own "head."

The Spectator.

A MORNING ADVENTURE.

I am not what is called an early riser. On the other hand, I sit up late at night. It seems to me just as human and meritorious a proceeding, although the copy-books give one no credit for it. It has always been a custom to sneer at the man who lies abed while the rest of the world is up and doing; but the merits of the man who remains up and doing while the rest of the world is snoring under blankets have never been sufficiently recognized. Such is the force of inherited prejudice, however, that I feel no pride in my nightly feat of sitting up reading or talking till the small hours, whereas, if by any chance I do get up fairly early in the morning, I am filled with an unwonted sense of virtue and heroism, and behave as if I accepted all the conventional superstitions—that a man who rises early has a sense of buoyancy and clarity of mind, and inspires in these early hours a store of energy lasting throughout a long day. The truth with me is exactly the contrary. If I sit up till two in the morning and rise at nine, I feel fit and well and have as much appetite for work as it is possible for me to have, and a zest for any kind of amusement that the day may bring which is, I am glad to say, unfailing. If, on the contrary, I go to bed at half-past ten and get up at six I spend the night in stark wakefulness, and go out into the world with a sense of heroism, it is true, but also with a slight sense of dissipation. I have a faint burning sensation in the eyes, feel strangely languid and drowsy, am incommoded by the sensation that I have swallowed and am carrying about with me a smouldering coal, have no appetite whatever for breakfast, and probably doze off into an uneasy slumber

about 11 A. M. Mere early rising—getting up before other people, that is to say—seems to me an overrated virtue, chiefly esteemed as a means of getting the better of other people. We all know the proverbial breakfast of the early bird. Well, I do not want the fattest worm; I am more than content that someone else should have it; and a little bit of quite a lean one will do for me, provided that I am let alone to choose for myself what I think desirable, and to fix the standard by which I shall measure my own wisdom or folly.

All the same, as I say, I got up this morning and went out to taste the first breath of summer in London streets that were strangely unfamiliar. All the houses in my neighborhood were shut and shuttered as in the middle of August; the streets were almost empty except for a few pedestrians of an unfamiliar kind. A group of housebreakers were assembling to begin their dusty job of destruction; a chimney-sweep was wheeling a little handcart full of brushes and soot, with the legend "established 1851" painted on it; and this furnished me with some reflections on the nature of pride, and on how, even in being a chimney-sweep for three score years and ten, there may be something more than labor and sorrow. Cats sat unashamed in the middle of roadways which at other hours are filled with the brimming tide of wheeled traffic, and there were long unwonted vistas, such as the lion on Dickens and Jones' shop in Regent street seen in a perspective from Park Lane, a suggestion of blue hills filling the opening of Orchard Street, and the spire of Harrow Church standing apparently at the end of Park Street. There were no taxis nor motor-omnibuses running, but I found a hansom which took me at an agreeable trot along the empty streets. And the first discovery that I made was that London, at any rate in the West End, goes back to her more innocent ways in these early morning hours. Motor-cars are almost entirely absent, hansom-cab drivers, milkmen, dustmen and costermongers alone occupying the thoroughfares, and there is peace and silence, and a taste of the old thrill of a more sober, spacious, and dignified London.

My destination was Covent Garden, for I had never seen Covent Garden in the early morning; that being one of the many exciting and agreeable things which all Londoners are supposed to have done, and many pretend to have done, but few in fact have done. All the rest of the West End was deserted, but in the neighborhood of Garrick Street my hansom was blocked by a line of carts bearing fruit and flowers and vegetables. Here I met a friend by appointment, and together we strolled for a little round a network of streets all of which were entirely filled with horse-drawn carriers' carts. Whoever else was asleep, there was plenty of life going on here, and as yet we were only on the outskirts. How the traffic changes from hour to hour in these narrow London thoroughfares! One hour of the day they will be traversed by heavy motor-vans, and those huge wagons that the railway companies scatter from their stations; at another hour there will be nothing but lines of carriages and motors and taxi-cabs, with shining lamps and varnish, and throngs of liveried servants; but now there was nothing but the smell of flowers and fruit, and brilliant splashes of color, and horses tossing their nosebags, and all the ancient business of collecting and distributing the fruits of the earth. One was continually being jostled by people bearing pine boxes which might contain any edible vegetable thing from cabbages to strawberries, from mushrooms to asparagus; the wilderness had blos-

somed like the rose, and the morning air smelled like a garden. All the porters and burden bearers were engaged on the same business, and knew and greeted each other; but we felt like idlers and strangers who had strayed into a foreign city where we did not know the language. As we drew nearer to the centre of this great commotion of flowers and fruit the throng became denser, and the menace of wooden boxes swiftly borne on broad shoulders became greater. I have said that the scene was curiously foreign; and so it was, but only perhaps because a Londoner is more familiar with such scenes in foreign places than in his own town. There were certainly two particularly English characteristics in the occasion. One was its silence. There was practically no shouting, and not much conversation, and as the commodities were all being carried by hand from the market to the waiting carts in the adjacent streets there was little sound of traffic other than of feet on the pavement. In any foreign town there would have been yelling and gesticulating, a carnival of sound as well as of movement. Even in Ireland or in Scotland, what I remember of such morning scenes is that they are accompanied by loud shouting. But here the swift streams of movement ran quietly, and those who greeted each other did not need to raise their voices. And the other notable thing was the extraordinary order and efficiency with which the whole business of transportation was carried out. Everything, even the purchase, seemed to have been settled long ago. It was as if people were carrying out, not a commercial transaction of the moment, but a law of nature as old as mankind. The organization was perfect; it was not an artificial or a disciplined organization, but a natural organization. In France or Germany or America, for example, there would have been policemen and officials at every corner; queues would have been formed, and the whole business carried on under the iron hand of authority. But here the order was natural and spontaneous, like that of people long used to seemly and efficient ways. Out of this great cornucopia a delicious plenty of color and light was flowing in immense volume, and in every direction, but, as I said, the organization was spontaneous; the flood had not to be kept in by dykes and groins and embankments; it ran in natural channels that Time and itself had worn, and ran without inconvenience or risk or confusion.

And now I am nearly falling asleep, having done little justice to my theme. For that you must blame this indulgence in the virtue of early rising, and the fact that when I should have been quietly asleep in my bed I was idling and dissipating among the flowers. The next time I go to Covent Garden I shall stay up all night; I shall then merely go to bed a little later than usual, and rise a little later—a much more orderly proceeding.

Filson Young.

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Two more plays,—Pericles, Prince of Tyre and The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus—are added to the Tudor Shakespeare, published by the Macmillan Company. The first is edited by Professor C. Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia and the second by Elmer Edgar Stoll, Ph.D. Each volume has a photogravure frontispiece and both are fully furnished

with notes, glossaries and other aids to study.

"The Dickens Year Book" compiled by Lois E. Prentiss and Gertrude C. Spaulding, with illustrations by Dan Sayre Groesbeck (A. C. McClurg & Co.) will make an instant appeal to all true Dickensians. It contains a Dickens quotation for every day in the year. The selections are widely representative and are made with discrimination; and Mr. Groesbeck's clever full page drawings of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Micawber, Sam Weller, the Fat Boy, Uriah Heep and other Dickens characters are delightful. The book is attractively printed.

To popularize science without degrading it, to bring its facts and theories within the comprehension of "the man in the street" and to interest him in them is an art possessed by few writers who essay the venture. They prove to be either dull or flippant, and sometimes they are both. But Sir Ray Lankester possesses this rare art in a singular degree, and the second series of the papers to which he gives the title "Science from an Easy Chair" is easy and agreeable reading and at the same time authoritative. The papers, thirty or more in number, which constitute it, are upon a wide variety of subjects and were originally contributed to the London Telegraph. Numerous figures and full-page plates illustrate the volume. Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan's "The Teaching of Christ" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) is a thoughtful and reverent study of the words of Christ, with a view to determining precisely what He said with reference to His own claims, concerning God, Himself and the Spirit, concerning angels, demons and man, concerning sin and salvation, and concerning the Kingdom of God. In an earlier volume "The Crises of Christ" Dr. Morgan outlined the leading incidents in the life of Christ; in the present volume, assuming His Divine authority, he groups and analyzes His teachings. The book is written in a style which appeals to the lay reader quite as much as to the theologian. Its tone is not controversial, but devout; and its suggestions helpful.

With a triangular setting of an old mission town in California, a Massachusetts North Shore summer resort, and a rose covered Georgia cottage, "The Woman in the Twilight" by Marah Ellis Ryan unfolds a soul struggle. It is the conflict between social codes and what a noble woman in the story feels is right for her alone. When the realization of the tremendous wrong done to future generations and the shadow cast forever upon their lives is brought home to this woman, Monica Wayne, she bends her will to the decrees of civilization. The "woman in the twilight" is the symbol of all people who suffer a stigma for the wrong doing of other people. Presented with less nobility of purpose and seriousness the story might have been sordid, but the emphasis is so correct that every situation is saved from such a fate. The story is well told and the descriptions of nature particularly good. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"What is New Thought?" by Charles Brodie Patterson is intended to answer a question which many, both inside the cult and outside, are asking. It is as much a book for the informed as for those who are seeking knowledge of the subject. More concisely than has been done before it states the tenets which have been expounded in a score of different volumes. The central thought is re-

peated and emphasized that in man himself lies the power, either latent or developed, to make himself master of his fate, intellectually, physically and spiritually. The different chapters give statements of principles, define terms and show how health, poise and spirituality may be acquired and kept. Dr. Patterson's style is terse and epigrammatic. In the paragraphs which develop his thoughts single sentences stand out which in themselves are good to remember and ponder on, and form starting places for original deductions. There is no attempt made to dazzle or impress the reader, but the entire book is simple, straightforward and sincere. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"On Board the Beatic," by Anna Chapin Ray, is essentially a love story. Its heroine, Aileen Warburton, is a cultivated, self sufficient woman of thirty-two, and Carl Clode, her lover. has achieved at the opening of the book worldly success and a fine record. On board an outward bound ocean liner, the Beatic, their acquaintance grows, in Belgium and London it ripens, and on the return trip to New York Miss Warburton accepts the fact that her nature, hitherto independent and self-centered, has at last been mastered by the character and personality of Carl Clode. So finished and leisurely is the author's style, and so lucid her character drawing that the reader does not stop to analyze the power which holds him in a quiet absorption. After the close of the book the impression lingers of having passed an hour or so in a company of well-bred, thoroughly interesting people and under conditions most agreeable, for the ocean voyage and the visit to London and Belgium are described with skill. The book possesses charm and distinction. Little, Brown and Co.

Under the title "The Great Acceptance," Guy Thorne, a well-known English novelist, has told a true story which is quite as thrilling and a good deal more inspiring than the average novel of the period,—the story of an Englishman, F. N. Charrington, who, thirty years or more ago, as a young man, gave up an inheritance of more than six million dollars, because the money had been made from a brewery, and consecrated his life to helping the poor and the fallen. Mr. Thorne describes in vivid language the work which Mr. Charrington has since done in the East End of London, in making war upon saloons and dance halls, in reforming drunkards and prostitutes, and in preaching the religion of Christ to men and women without hope. Mr. Charrington is a man of unfaltering courage, who has dared and suffered much in the career which he deliberately chose for himself when he made his great renunciation; and this story of his life work is intensely interesting and full of encouragement. George H. Doran Co.

Winston Churchill, in his last book "The Inside of the Cup," has done more than write an exceptionally interesting novel. He has done this, but first of all he has drawn a struggle which took place on the battle ground of a man's soul, and has made a religious question so vital and fascinating that it seems more absorbing than any romance. St. John's was a wealthy church in a prosperous city of the middle West. To its pulpit a young man, the Rev. John Hodder, was called from a small parish, chosen because the wealthy and conservative parishioners of St John's wanted some one "safe," some one not likely to be affected by socialistic views. But Hodder was too large a man to stand still and as time passed he felt himself more and more unable to preach the old be-

liefs with conviction. There followed a period when he saw his ideals totter and fall. By chance he came intimately in touch with some of the outcasts of the neighborhood who found in St. John's and its organized charities nothing to solve their problems. Hodder caught their point of view and began to see that only by the personal touch, by an actual brotherhood of man, could humanity be bettered. His fallen faith revived in a new form, and his soul emerged fearless to tell his shocked and astonished parishioners of his new convictions. They withdrew his salary and threatened to have him tried for heresy. The blow fell hardest upon Eldon Parr, a multimillionaire who practically supported St. John's and made great gifts to the city with money which he had gained from the poor by clever schemes. Daughter and son had left the hard old financier, who took a fancy to Hodder until the latter told him of the evil for which he was morally responsible. There is an absorbing love story and finely drawn pictures of typical men and women in a typical modern city among problems which are vital everywhere. The book has an intensity which never loses force by becoming mere emotionalism. The Macmillan Company.

Superfluously careful colloquialism continues to be the favorite rhetorical grace of Mr. W. D. Howells, as it has been ever since the days when he forsook the unforced humor of "Their Wedding Journey" and the real passion of "A Foregone Conclusion," and determined to adapt his style to the multitude; but in his latest story, "New Leaf Mills," his countless faithful readers will find many a reminder of his earlier self. Its time is the years following the Mexican war, the period when North South, and West began to be aware that the enemies of slavery were in earnest, and also to be conscious that new theories of religion and of politics were springing up almost daily. The conservative jumbled the "Comeouters," Mormons, the believers in community life, Universalists, advocates of women's rights, teetotallers, promoters of higher education and wearers of extraordinary garments in a general condemnation, mildly despising them, one and all. Occasionally mob rule asserted itself in the cities, and the rustic was almost as excitable as the town dweller and few were they who rightly interpreted the signs of the times. Mr. Howells has skilfully devised a family group perfectly illustrating the mood of the era. The hero firmly believes in himself and in his ability to do anything which he desires, from teaching himself to play on a harp of his own construction to winning success in professions and trades of which he has neither knowledge nor experience, and organizing a community on plans peculiar to himself. Nothing shakes his placidity, and, in consequence, he is the scorn of his neighbors, and the lifelong killjoy of his sensible, energetic wife, and the evil genius of a young girl under his guardianship; but his good intentions are unwavering. Having failed utterly, both in the city and in the country, he goes back to the city, and for a second time becomes a tradesman, indulging in occasional dalliance with the "underground railroad," and arguing that, if the entire State could be brought to accept the community system, a higher state of civilization would be produced. Without a word of condemnation Mr. Howells makes the essential mischievousness of such a person evident. Goethe's savage summary "Nothing is so terrible as a fool in motion," is a more thoroughly satisfying utterance, but "New Leaf Mills" will be more effective with those who prefer a parable. Harper & Brothers.